

ST. NICHOLAS.

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CHILD-SONGS.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

THE CITY CHILD.

DAINTY little maiden, whither would you wander?

Whither from this pretty home, the home where mother dwells?

"Far and far away," said the dainty little maiden,

"All among the gardens, auriculas, anemones,

Roses and lilies and Canterbury-bells."

Dainty little maiden, whither would you wander?

Whither from this pretty house, this city-house of ours?

"Far and far away," said the dainty little maiden,

"All among the meadows, the clover and the clematis,

Daisies and kingcups and honeysuckle-flowers."

MINNIE AND WINNIE.

MINNIE and Winnie

Slept in a shell.

Sleep, little ladies!

And they slept well.

Pink was the shell within,

Silver without;

Sounds of the great sea

Wander'd about.

Sleep, little ladies!

Wake not soon!

Echo on echo

Dies to the moon.

Two bright stars

Peep'd into the shell.

"What are they dreaming of?

Who can tell?"

Started a green linnet

Out of the croft;

Wake, little ladies,

The sun is aloft!

JACK AND JILL.*

BY LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

CHAPTER V.
SECRETS.

THERE were a great many clubs in Harmony village, but as we intend to interest ourselves with the affairs of the young folks only, we need not dwell upon the intellectual amusements of the elders. In summer, the boys devoted themselves to base ball, the girls to boating, and all got rosy, stout and strong, in these healthful exercises. In winter, the lads had their debating club, the lasses a dramatic ditto. At the former, astonishing bursts of oratory were heard; at the latter, everything was boldly attempted, from Romeo and Juliet to Mother Goose's immortal melodies. The two clubs frequently met and mingled their attractions in a really entertaining manner, for the speakers made good actors, and the young actresses were most appreciative listeners to the eloquence of each budding Demosthenes.

Great plans had been afoot for Christmas or New Year, but when the grand catastrophe put an end to the career of one of the best "spouters," and caused the retirement of the favorite "singing chambermaid," the affair was postponed till February, when Washington's birthday was always celebrated by the patriotic town, where the father of his country once put on his night-cap, or took off his boots, as that ubiquitous hero appears to have done in every part of the United States.

Meantime, the boys were studying Revolutionary characters, and the girls rehearsing such dramatic scenes as they thought most appropriate and effective for the 22nd. In both of these attempts they were much helped by the sense and spirit of Ralph Evans, a youth of nineteen, who was a great favorite with the young folks, not only because he was a good, industrious fellow, who supported his old grandmother, but also full of talent, fun, and ingenuity. It was no wonder every one who really knew him liked him, for he could turn his hand to anything, and loved to do it. If the girls were in despair about a fire-place when acting "The Cricket on the Hearth," he painted one, and put a gas-log in it that made the kettle really boil, to their great delight. If the boys found the interest of their club flagging, Ralph would convulse them by imitations of the "Member from Cranberry Center," or fire them with speeches of famous statesmen. Charity fairs could

not get on without him, and in the store where he worked he did many an ingenious job, which made him valued for his mechanical skill, as well as for his energy and integrity.

Mrs. Minot liked to have him with her sons, because they also were to paddle their own canoes by and by, and she believed that, rich or poor, boys make better men for learning to use the talents they possess, not merely as ornaments, but tools with which to carve their own fortunes; and the best help toward this end is an example of faithful work, high aims, and honest living. So Ralph came often, and in times of trouble was a real rainy-day friend. Jack grew very fond of him during his imprisonment, for the good youth ran in every evening to get commissions, amuse the boy with droll accounts of the day's adventures, or invent lifts, bed-tables, and foot-rests for the impatient invalid. Frank found him a sure guide through the mechanical mysteries which he loved, and spent many a useful half-hour discussing cylinders, pistons, valves, and balance-wheels. Jill also came in for her share of care and comfort; the poor little back lay all the easier for the air-cushion Ralph got her, and the weary headaches found relief from the spray atomizer, which softly distilled its scented dew on the hot forehead till she fell asleep.

Round the beds of Jack and Jill met and mingled the school-mates of whom our story treats. Never, probably, did invalids have gayer times than our two, after a week of solitary confinement, for school gossip crept in, games could not be prevented, and Christmas secrets were concocted in those rooms till they were regular conspirators' dens, when they were not little Bedlams.

After the horn and bead labors were over, the stringing of pop-corn on red, and cranberries on white, threads came next, and Jack and Jill often looked like a new kind of spider in the pretty webs hung about them, till reeled off to bide their time in the Christmas closet. Paper flowers followed, and gay garlands and bouquets blossomed, regardless of the snow and frost without. Then there was a great scribbling of names, verses, and notes to accompany the steadily increasing store of odd parcels which were collected at the Minots', for gifts from every one were to ornament the tree, and contributions poured in as the day drew near.

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But the secret which most excited the young people was the deep mystery of certain proceedings at the Minot house. No one but Frank, Ralph, and mamma knew what it was, and the two boys nearly drove the others distracted by the tantalizing way in which they hinted at joys to come, talked strangely about birds, went measuring 'round with foot-rules, and shut themselves up in the Boys' Den, as a certain large room was called. This seemed to be the center of operations; but, beyond the fact of the promised tree, no ray of light was permitted to pass the jealously guarded doors. Strange men with paste-pots and ladders went in, furniture was dragged about, and all sorts of boyish lumber were sent up garret and down cellar. Mrs. Minot was seen pondering over heaps of green stuff, hammering was heard, singular bundles were smuggled upstairs, flowering plants betrayed their presence by whiffs of fragrance when the door was opened, and Mrs. Pecq was caught smiling all by herself in a back bedroom, which usually was shut up in winter.

"They are going to have a play, after all, and that green stuff was the curtain," said Molly Loo, as the girls talked it over one day, when they sat with their backs turned to one another, putting last stitches in certain bits of work which had to be concealed from all eyes, though it was found convenient to ask one another's taste as to the color, materials, and sizes of these mysterious articles.

"I think it is going to be a dance. I heard the boys doing their steps when I went in last evening to find out whether Jack liked blue or yellow best, so I could put the bow on his pen-wiper," declared Merry, knitting briskly away at the last of the pair of pretty white bed-socks she was making for Jill right under her inquisitive little nose.

"They would n't have a party of that kind without Jack and me. It is only an extra nice tree, you see if it is n't," answered Jill from behind the pillows, which made a temporary screen to hide the toilet mats she was preparing for all her friends.

"Every one of you is wrong, and you'd better rest easy, for you won't find out the best part of it, try as you may." And Mrs. Pecq actually chuckled as she, too, worked away at some bits of muslin, with her back turned to the very unsocial-looking group.

"Well, I don't care, we've got a secret all our own, and won't ever tell, will we?" cried Jill, falling back on the Home Missionary Society, though it was not yet begun.

"Never!" answered the girls, and all took great comfort in the idea that one mystery would not be cleared up, even at Christmas.

Jack gave up guessing, in despair, after he had

suggested a new dining-room where he could eat with the family, a private school in which his lessons might go on with a tutor, or a theater for the production of the farces in which he delighted.

"It is going to be used to keep something in that you are very fond of," said mamma, taking pity on him at last.

"Ducks?" asked Jack, with a half pleased, half puzzled air, not quite seeing where the water was to come from.

Frank exploded at the idea, and added to the mystification by saying:

"There will be one little duck and one great donkey in it."

Then fearing he had told the secret, he ran off, quacking and braying derisively.

"It is to be used for creatures that I, too, am fond of, and you know neither donkeys nor ducks are favorites of mine," said mamma, with a demure expression, as she sat turning over old clothes for the bundles that always went to poor neighbors, with a little store of goodies, at this time of the year.

"I know! I know! It is to be a new ward for more sick folks, is n't it, now?" cried Jack, with what he thought a great proof of shrewdness.

"I don't see how I could attend to many more patients till this one is off my hands," answered mamma, with a queer smile, adding quickly, as if she, too, was afraid of letting the cat out of the bag: "That reminds me of a Christmas I once spent among the hospitals and poor-houses of a great city with a good lady who, for thirty years, had made it her mission to see that these poor little souls had one merry day. We gave away two hundred dolls, several great boxes of candy and toys, besides gay pictures, and new clothes to orphan children, sick babies, and half-grown innocents. Ah, my boy, that was a day to remember all my life, to make me doubly grateful for my blessings, and very glad to serve the helpless and afflicted, as that dear woman did."

The look and tone with which the last words were uttered effectually turned Jack's thoughts from the great secret, and started another small one, for he fell to planning what he would buy with his pocket-money to surprise the little Pats and Biddies who were to have no Christmas tree.

CHAPTER VI.

SURPRISES.

"Is it pleasant?" was the question Jill asked before she was fairly awake on Christmas morning.

"Yes, dear; as bright as heart could wish. Now eat a bit, and then I'll make you nice for the day's pleasure. I only hope it won't be too much

for you," answered Mrs. Pecq, bustling about, happy, yet anxious, for Jill was to be carried over to Mrs. Minot's, and it was her first attempt at going out since the accident.

It seemed as if nine o'clock would never come, and Jill, with wraps all ready, lay waiting in a fever of impatience for the doctor's visit, as he wished to superintend the moving. At last he came, found all promising, and having bundled up his small patient, carried her, with Frank's help, in her chair-bed to the ox-sled, which was drawn to the next door, and Miss Jill landed in the Boys' Den before she had time to get either cold or tired. Mrs. Minot took her things off with a cordial welcome, but Jill never said a word, for, after one exclamation, she lay staring about her, dumb with surprise and delight at what she saw.

The great room was entirely changed; for now it looked like a garden, or one of the fairy scenes children love, where in-doors and out-of-doors are pleasantly combined. The ceiling was pale blue, like the sky; the walls were covered with a paper like a rustic trellis, up which climbed morning glories so naturally that the many-colored bells seemed dancing in the wind. Birds and butterflies flew among them, and here and there, through arches in the trellis, one seemed to look into a sunny summer world, contrasting curiously with the wintry landscape lying beyond the real windows, festooned with evergreen garlands, and curtained only by stands of living flowers. A green drugget covered the floor like grass, rustic chairs from the garden stood about, and in the middle of the room a handsome hemlock waited for its pretty burden. A Yule log blazed on the wide hearth, and over the chimney-piece, framed in holly, shone the words that set all hearts to dancing, "Merry Christmas!"

"Do you like it, dear? This is our surprise for you and Jack, and here we mean to have good times together," said Mrs. Minot, who had stood quietly enjoying the effect of her work.

"Oh, it is so lovely I don't know what to say!" and Jill put up both arms, as words failed her, and grateful kisses were all she had to offer.

"Can you suggest anything more to add to the pleasantness?" asked the gentle lady, holding the small hands in her own, and feeling well repaid by the child's delight.

"Only Jack," and Jill's laugh was good to hear, as she glanced up with merry, yet wistful eyes.

"You are right. We'll have him in it at once, or he will come hopping on one leg," and away hurried his mother, laughing, too, for whistles, shouts, thumps, and violent demonstrations of all kinds had been heard from the room where Jack was raging with impatience, while he waited for his share of the surprise.

Jill could hardly lie still when she heard the roll of another chair-bed coming down the hall, its passage enlivened with cries of "Starboard! Port! Easy now! Pull away!" from Ralph and Frank, as they steered the recumbent Columbus on his first voyage of discovery.

"Well, I call that handsome!" was Jack's exclamation, when the full beauty of the scene burst upon his view. Then he forgot all about it and gave a whoop of pleasure, for there beside the fire was an eager face, two hands beckoning, and Jill's voice crying, joyfully:

"I'm here! I'm here! Oh, do come, quick!"

Down the long room rattled the chair, Jack cheering all the way, and brought up beside the other one, as the long-parted friends exclaimed, with one accord:

"Is n't this jolly!"

It certainly did look so, for Ralph and Frank danced a wild sort of fandango round the tree, Dr. Whiting stood and laughed, while the two mothers beamed from the door-way, and the children, not knowing whether to laugh or to cry, compromised the matter by clapping their hands and shouting, "Merry Christmas to everybody!" like a pair of little maniacs.

Then they all sobered down, and the busy ones went off to the various duties of the day, leaving the young invalids to repose and enjoy themselves together.

"How nice you look," said Jill, when they had duly admired the pretty room.

"So do you," gallantly returned Jack, as he surveyed her with unusual interest.

They did look very nice, though happiness was the principal beautifier. Jill wore a red wrapper, with the most brilliant of all the necklaces sparkling at her throat, over a nicely crimped frill her mother had made in honor of the day. All the curly black hair was gathered into a red net, and a pair of smart little moccasins covered the feet that had not stepped for many a weary day. Jack was not so gay, but had made himself as fine as circumstances would permit. A gray dressing-gown, with blue cuffs and collar, was very becoming to the blonde youth; an immaculate shirt, best studs, sleeve-buttons, blue tie, and handkerchief wet with scent and sticking out of the breast-pocket, gave an air of elegance in spite of the afghan spread over the lower portions of his manly form. The yellow hair was brushed till it shone, and being parted in the middle, to hide the black patch, made two engaging little "quirls" on his forehead. The summer tan had faded from his cheeks, but his eyes were as blue as the wintry sky, and nearly every white tooth was visible as he smiled on his partner in misfortune, saying cheerily:

"I'm ever so glad to see you again; guess we are over the worst of it now, and can have good times. Wont it be fun to stay here all the while, and amuse one another?"

"Yes, indeed; but one day is so short! It will be stupider than ever when I go home to-night," answered Jill, looking about her with longing eyes.

"But you are not going home to-night; you

breath away, and before she got it again, in came Frank and Ralph with two clothes-baskets of treasures to be hung upon the tree. While they wired on the candles the children asked questions, and found out all they wanted to know about the new plans and pleasures.

"Who fixed all this?"

"Mamma thought of it, and Ralph and I did it. He's the man for this sort of thing, you know.



"MERRY CHRISTMAS TO EVERYBODY!"

are to stay ever so long. Did n't mamma tell you?"

"No. Oh, how splendid! Am I really? Where will I sleep? What will mammy do without me?" and Jill almost sat up, she was so delighted with the new surprise.

"That room in there is all fixed for you. I made Frank tell me so much. Mamma said I might tell you, but I did n't think she would be able to hold in if she saw you first. Your mother is coming, too, and we are all going to have larks together till we are well."

The splendor of this arrangement took Jill's

He proposed cutting out the arches and sticking on birds and butterflies just where they looked best. I put those canaries over there, they looked so well against the blue," and Frank proudly pointed out some queer orange-colored fowls, looking as if they were having fits in the air, but very effective, nevertheless.

"Your mother said you might call this the Bird-Room. We caught a scarlet-tanager for you to begin with, did n't we Jack?" and Ralph threw a *bonbon* at Jill, who looked very like a bright little bird in a warm nest,

"Good for you! Yes, and we are going to keep

her in this pretty cage till we can both fly off together. I say, Jill, where shall we be in our classes when we do get back?" and Jack's merry face fell at the thought.

"At the foot, if we don't study and keep up. Doctor said I might study sometimes, if I'd lie still as long as he thought best, and Molly brought home my books, and Merry says she will come in every day and tell me where the lessons are. I don't mean to fall behind, if my backbone is cracked," said Jill, with a decided nod that made several black rings fly out of the net to dance on her forehead.

"Frank said he'd pull me along in my Latin, but I've been lazy and have n't done a thing. Let's go at it and start fair for New Year," proposed Jack, who did not love study as the bright girl did, but was ashamed to fall behind her in anything.

"All right. They've been reviewing, so we can keep up when they begin, if we work next week while the rest have a holiday. Oh, dear, I do miss school dreadfully;" and Jill sighed for the old desk, every blot and notch of which was dear to her.

"There come our things, and pretty nice they look, too," said Jack; and his mother began to dress the tree, hanging up the gay horns, the gilded nuts, red and yellow apples and oranges, and festooning long strings of pop-corn and scarlet cranberries from bough to bough, with the glittering necklaces hung where the light would show their colors best.

"I never saw such a splendid tree before. I'm glad we could help, though we were ill. Is it all done now?" asked Jill, when the last parcel was tied on and everybody stood back to admire the pretty sight.

"One thing more. Hand me that box, Frank, and be very careful that you fasten this up firmly, Ralph," answered Mrs. Minot, as she took from its wrappings the waxen figure of a little child. The rosy limbs were very life-like, so was the smiling face under the locks of shining hair. Both plump arms were outspread as if to scatter blessings over all, and downy wings seemed to flutter from the dimpled shoulders, making an angel of the baby.

"Is it St. Nicholas?" asked Jill, who had never seen that famous personage, and knew but little of Christmas festivities.

"It is the Christ-child, whose birthday we are celebrating. I got the best I could find, for I like the idea better than old Santa Claus; though we may have him, too," said mamma, holding the little image so that both could see it well.

"It looks like a real baby," and Jack touched the

rosy foot with the tip of his finger, as if expecting a crow from the half-open lips.

"It reminds me of the saints in the chapel of the Sacred Heart in Montreal. One little St. John looked like this, only he had a lamb instead of wings," said Jill, stroking the flaxen hair, and wishing she dared ask for it to play with.

"He is the children's saint to pray to, love and imitate, for he never forgot them, but blessed and healed and taught them all his life. This is only a poor image of the holiest baby ever born, but I hope it will keep his memory in your minds all day, because this is the day for good resolutions, happy thoughts, and humble prayers, as well as play and gifts and feasting."

While she spoke, Mrs. Minot, touching the little figure as tenderly as if it were alive, had tied a broad white ribbon round it, and handing it to Ralph, bade him fasten it to the hook above the tree-top, where it seemed to float as if the downy wings supported it.

Jack and Jill lay silently watching, with a sweet sort of soberness in their young faces, and for a moment the room was very still as all eyes looked up at the Blessed Child. The sunshine seemed to grow more golden as it flickered on the little head, the flames glanced about the glittering tree as if trying to climb and kiss the baby feet, and, without, a chime of bells rang sweetly, calling people to hear again the lovely story of the life begun on Christmas Day.

Only a minute, but it did them good, and presently, when the pleasant work was over, and the workers gone, the boys to church, and mamma to see about lunch for the invalids, Jack said, gravely, to Jill:

"I think we ought to be extra good, every one is so kind to us, and we are getting well, and going to have such capital times. Don't see how we can do anything else to show we are grateful."

"It is n't easy to be good when one is sick," said Jill, thoughtfully. "I fret dreadfully, I get so tired of being still. I want to scream sometimes, but I don't, because it would scare mammy, so I cry. Do you cry, Jack?"

"Men never do. I want to tramp round when things bother me; but I can't, so I kick and say 'Hang it!' and when I get very bad I pitch into Frank, and he lets me. I tell you, Jill, he's a good brother!" and Jack privately resolved then and there to invite Frank to take it out of him in any form he pleased as soon as health would permit.

"I rather think we *shall* grow good in this pretty place, for I don't see how we can be bad if we want to, it is all so nice and sort of pious here," said Jill, with her eyes on the angel over the tree.

"A fellow can be awfully hungry, I know that. I did n't half eat breakfast I was in such a hurry to see you, and know all about the secrets. Frank kept saying I could n't guess, that you had come, and I never would be ready, till finally I got mad and fired an egg at him, and made no end of a mess."

Jack and Jill went off into a gale of laughter at the idea of dignified Frank dodging the egg that smashed on the wall, leaving an indelible mark of Jack's besetting sin, impatience.

Just then Mrs. Minot came in, well pleased to hear such pleasant sounds, and to see two merry faces, where usually one listless one met her anxious eyes.

"The new medicine works well, neighbor," she said to Mrs. Pecq, who followed with the lunch tray.

"Indeed it does, mem. I feel as if I'd taken a sup myself, I'm that easy in my mind."

And she looked so, too, for she seemed to have left all her cares in the little house when she locked the door behind her, and now stood smiling with a clean apron on, so fresh and cheerful, that Jill hardly knew her own mother.

"Things taste better when you have some one to eat with you," observed Jack, as they devoured sandwiches, and drank milk out of little mugs with rosebuds on them.

"Don't eat too much, or you won't be ready for the next surprise," said his mother, when the plates were empty and the last drop gone down throats dry with much chatter.

"More surprises! Oh, what fun!" cried Jill. And all the rest of the morning, in the intervals of talk and play, they tried to guess what it could be.

At two o'clock they found out, for dinner was served in the Bird-Room, and the children reveled in the simple feast prepared for them. The two mothers kept the little bed-tables well supplied, and fed their nurslings like maternal birds, while Frank presided over the feast with great dignity, and ate a dinner which would have astonished mamma, if she had not been too busy to observe how fast the mince pie vanished.

"The girls said Christmas was spoiled because of us; but I don't think so, and they won't either, when they see this splendid place and know all about our nice plans," said Jill, luxuriously eating the nut-meats Jack picked out for her, as they lay in Eastern style at the festive board.

"I call this broken bones made easy. I never had a better Christmas. Have a raisin? Here's a good fat one." And Jack made a long arm to Jill's mouth, which began to sing "Little Jack Horner" as an appropriate return.

"It would have been a lonesome one to all of us, I'm thinking, but for your mother, boys. My duty and hearty thanks to you, mem," put in grateful Mrs. Pecq, bowing over her coffee-cup as she had seen ladies bow over their wine-glasses at dinner parties in old England.

"I rise to propose a health, Our Mothers." And Frank stood up with a goblet of water, for not even at Christmas time was wine seen on that table.

"Hip, hip, hurra!" called Jack, baptizing himself with a good sprinkle, as he waved his glass and drank the toast with a look that made his mother's eyes fill with happy tears.

Jill threw her mother a kiss, feeling very grown up and elegant to be dining out in such style. Then they drank every one's health with much merriment, till Frank declared that Jack would float off on the deluge of water he splashed about in his enthusiasm, and mamma proposed a rest after the merry-making.

"Now the best fun is coming, and we have not long to wait," said the boy, when naps and rides-about the room had whiled away the brief interval between dinner and dusk, for the evening entertainment was to be an early one to suit the invalids' bed-time.

"I hope the girls will like their things. I helped to choose them, and each has a nice present. I don't know mine, though, and I'm in a twitter to see it," said Jill, as they lay waiting for the fun to begin.

"I do; I chose it, so I know you will like one of them, anyway."

"Have I got more than one?"

"I guess you'll think so when they are handed down. The bell was going all day yesterday, and the girls kept bringing in bundles for you, I see seven now," and Jack rolled his eyes from one mysterious parcel to another hanging on the laden boughs.

"I know something, too. That square bundle is what you want ever so much. I told Frank, and he got it for his present. It is all red and gold outside, and every sort of color inside; you'll hurrah when you see it. That roundish one is yours too; I made them," cried Jill, pointing to a flat package tied to the stem of the tree, and a neat little roll in which were the blue mittens that she had knit for him.

"I can wait," but the boy's eyes shone with eagerness, and he could not resist firing two or three pop-corns at it to see whether it was hard or soft.

"That barking dog is for Boo, and the little yellow sled, so Molly can drag him to school, he always tumbles down so when it is slippery," continued

Jill, proud of her superior knowledge, as she showed a small spotted animal hanging by its tail, with a red tongue displayed as if about to taste the sweeties in the horn below.

"Don't talk about sleds, for mercy's sake! I never want to see another, and you would n't, either, if you had to lie with a flat-iron tied to your ankle, as I do," said Jack, with a kick of the well leg and an ireful glance at the weight attached to the other that it might not contract while healing.

"Well, I think plasters, and liniment, and rubbing, as bad as flat-irons any day. I don't believe you have ached half so much as I have, though it sounds worse to break legs than to sprain your back," protested Jill, eager to prove herself the greater sufferer, as invalids are apt to be.

"I guess you would n't think so if you 'd been yanked 'round as I was when they set my leg. Cæsar, how it did hurt!" and Jack squirmed at the recollection of it.

"You did n't faint away as I did, when the doctor was finding out if my vertebrums were hurt, so now!" cried Jill, bound to carry her point, though not at all clear what vertebræ were.

"Pooh! Girls always faint. Men are braver, and I did n't faint a bit in spite of all that horrid agony."

"You howled; Frank told me so. Doctor said I was a brave girl, so you need n't brag, for you 'll have to go on a crutch for a while. I know that."

"You may have to use two of them for years, may be. I heard the doctor tell my mother so. I shall be up and about long before you will. Now then!"

Both children were getting excited, for the various pleasures of the day had been rather too much for them, and there is no knowing but they would have added the sad surprise of a quarrel to the pleasant ones of the day, if a cheerful whistle had not been heard, as Ralph came in to light the candles and give the last artistic touches to the room.

"Well, young folks, how goes it? Had a merry time so far?" he asked, as he fixed the steps and ran up with a lighted match in his hand.

"Very nice, thank you," answered a prim little voice from the dusk below, for only the glow of the fire filled the room just then.

Jack said nothing, and two red, sulky faces were hidden in the dark, watching candle after candle sputter, brighten, and twinkle, till the trembling shadows began to flit away like imps afraid of the light.

"Now he will see my face, and I know it is cross," thought Jill, as Ralph went round the last circle, leaving another line of sparks among the hemlock boughs.

Jack thought the same, and had just got the frown smoothed out of his forehead, when Frank brought a fresh log, and a glorious blaze sprang up, filling every corner of the room, and dancing over the figures in the long chairs till they had to brighten whether they liked it or not. Presently the bell began to ring and gay voices to sound below; then Jill smiled in spite of herself as Molly Loo's usual cry of "Oh, dear, where *is* that child?" reached her, and Jack could not help keeping time to the march Ed played, while Frank and Gus marshaled the procession.

"Ready!" cried Mrs. Minot, at last, and up came the troop of eager lads and lasses, brave in holiday suits, with faces to match. A unanimous "O, o, o!" burst from twenty tongues, as the full splendor of the tree, the room, and its inmates, dawned upon them; for not only did the pretty Christ-child hover above, but Santa Claus himself stood below, fur-clad, white-bearded, and powdered with snow from the dredging-box.

Ralph was a good actor, and, when the first raptures were over he distributed the presents with such droll speeches, jokes, and gambols, that the room rang with merriment, and passers-by paused to listen, sure that here, at least, Christmas was merry. It would be impossible to tell about all the gifts or the joy of the receivers, but every one was satisfied, and the king and queen of the revels, so overwhelmed with little tokens of good-will, that their beds looked like booths at a fair. Jack beamed over the handsome postage-stamp book which had long been the desire of his heart, and Jill felt like a millionaire, with a silver fruit-knife, a pretty work-basket, and, oh!—coals of fire on her head!—a ring from Jack.

A simple little thing enough, with one tiny turquoise forget-me-not, but something like a dew-drop fell on it when no one was looking, and she longed to say, "I 'm sorry I was cross; forgive me, Jack." But it could not be done then, so she turned to admire Merry's bed-shoes, the pots of pansies, hyacinths and geranium which Gus and his sisters sent for her window garden, Molly's queer Christmas pie, and the zither Ed promised to teach her how to play upon.

The tree was soon stripped, and pop-corns strewed the floor as the children stood about picking them off the red threads when candy gave out, with an occasional cranberry by way of relish. Boo insisted on trying the new sled at once, and enlivened the trip by the squeaking of the spotted dog, the toot of a tin trumpet, and shouts of joy at the splendor of the turn-out.

The girls all put on their necklaces, and danced about like fine ladies at a ball. The boys fell to comparing skates, balls, and cuff-buttons on the

spot, while the little ones devoted all their energies to eating everything eatable they could lay their hands on.

Games were played till nine o'clock, and then the party broke up, after they had taken hands round the tree and sung a song written by one whom you all know,—so faithfully and beautifully does she love and labor for children the world over.

"THE BLESSED DAY.

"What shall little children bring
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day?
What shall little children bring
On Christmas Day in the morning?
This shall little children bring
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day:
Love and joy to Christ their king,
On Christmas Day in the morning!"

"What shall little children sing
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day?
What shall little children sing
On Christmas Day in the morning?
The grand old carols shall they sing
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day;
With all their hearts, their offerings bring
On Christmas Day in the morning."

Jack was carried off to bed in such haste that he had only time to call out, "Good-night!" before he was rolled away, gaping as he went. Jill soon found herself tucked up in the great white bed she was to share with her mother, and lay looking about the pleasant chamber, while Mrs. Pecq ran home for a minute to see that all was safe there for the night.

After the merry din the house seemed very still, with only a light step now and then, the murmur of voices not far away, or the jingle of sleigh-bells from without, and the little girl rested easily among the pillows, thinking over the pleasures of the day, too wide-awake for sleep. There was no lamp in the chamber, but she could look into the pretty Bird-Room where the fire-light still shone on flowery walls, deserted tree, and Christ-child floating above the green. Jill's eyes wandered there and lingered till they were full of regretful tears, because the sight of the little angel recalled the words spoken when it was hung up, the good resolution she had taken then, and how soon it was broken.

"I said I could n't be bad in that lovely place, and I was a cross, ungrateful girl after all they've done for mammy and me. Poor Jack was hurt the worst, and he was brave enough, though he did scream. I wish I could go and tell him so, and hear him say, 'All right.' Oh, me, I've spoiled the day!"

A great sob choked more words, and Jill was

about to have a comfortable cry, when some one entered the other room, and she saw Frank doing something with a long cord and a thing that looked like a tiny drum. Quiet as a bright-eyed mouse, Jill peeped out wondering what it was, and suspecting mischief, for the boy was laughing to himself as he stretched the cord, and now and then bent over the little object in his hand, touching it with great care.

"May be it's a torpedo to blow up and scare me; Jack likes to play tricks. Well, I'll scream loud when it goes off, so he will be satisfied that I'm dreadfully frightened," thought Jill, little dreaming what the last surprise of the day was to be.

Presently a voice whispered:

"I say! Are you awake?"

"Yes."

"Any one there but you?"

"No."

"Catch this, then. Hold it to your ear and see what you'll get."

The little drum came flying in, and, catching it, Jill, with some hesitation, obeyed Frank's order. Judge of her amazement when she caught in broken whispers these touching words:

"Sorry I was cross. Forgive and forget. Start fair to-morrow. All right. Jack."



JACK'S MESSAGE.

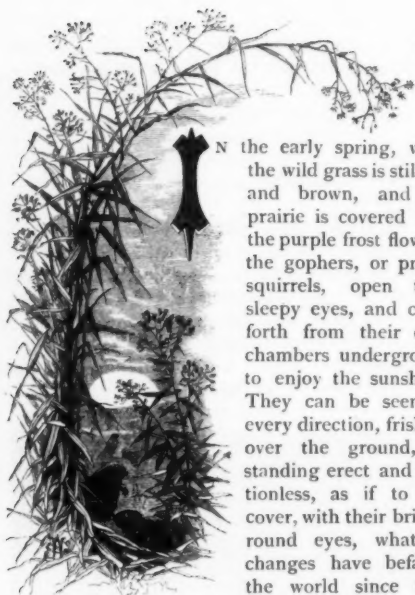
Jill was so delighted with this handsome apology, that she could not reply for a moment, then steadied her voice, and answered back in her sweetest tone:

"I'm sorry, too. Never, never, will again. Feel much better now. Good-night, you dear old thing."

Satisfied with the success of his telephone, Frank twitched back the drum and vanished, leaving

Jill, to lay her cheek upon the hand that wore the little ring and fall asleep, saying to herself, with a farewell glance at the children's saint, dimly seen in the soft gloom, "I will not forget. I will be good!"

(To be continued.)



PRAIRIE SQUIRRELS.

BY MARY P. THACHER.

IN the early spring, when the wild grass is still dry and brown, and the prairie is covered with the purple frost flowers, the gophers, or prairie squirrels, open their sleepy eyes, and come forth from their dark chambers underground to enjoy the sunshine. They can be seen in every direction, frisking over the ground, or standing erect and motionless, as if to discover, with their bright, round eyes, whatever changes have befallen the world since they bade it good-night. In this upright position it is impossible to distinguish them from so many brown pieces of wood; but the slightest noise sends them scampering to their burrows, where they disappear with a shrill chirp and a comical flourish of their feet.

In the West, these little creatures take the place of the tree squirrel, living on hazel-nuts, roots, and seeds of prairie plants.

The prettiest and most common of all the prairie squirrels is the one generally called the striped gopher, a slender animal, whose fur is beautifully spotted and striped. Much as I admired this little beauty when I lived in the West, I was extremely annoyed by his habit of digging holes in my flower-beds, and uprooting the tender plants. While I carefully repaired the mischief, he was industriously at work in another part of the garden; and perching himself near a freshly made hole, ready to dive in at a moment's notice, he

would look exultingly at me with his saucy brown eyes. I never would consent to have him shot, and so he kept me busy through the season. The gray gopher is larger, and looks too much like a rat to be pretty. Both of these animals are great pests to farmers, and, if not closely watched, will eat all their newly planted corn in a very short time. In some localities, shooting gophers is as important a part of a farmer's work as "bugging" potatoes. As soon as the green shoots of corn appear, the little ravagers dig them up to eat off the kernels; and, unless the watchman, who is stationed in the corn-field, understands the habits of these active foes to vegetation, the farmer loses a deal of corn as well as his temper.

Very different from these is the pocket gopher, or pouched rat, which is an ugly nocturnal animal, and seldom seen. His capacious pockets cover both sides of his head, his great teeth project beyond the lip, and his fore feet are armed with long, sharp claws. Like the mole, he digs deep, and burrows very rapidly, throwing up mounds of earth with his back and shoulders. Some people say that he brings earth out of the burrows in his pockets, but this is a mistake. These queer pockets, which are lined with short hair, open only on the outside, having no connection with the mouth, and are used to convey food to the burrows. The pocket gopher's nest is placed in a small, round chamber, and warmly lined with dried grasses, and with fur which the mother pulls from her body.

From this chamber a great many passages radiate, and the animal can easily escape in any direction when alarmed. I have often wished that I could penetrate to the gopher's winding burrows, and explore his ingeniously contrived home, which is a perfect labyrinth. The pocket gopher sometimes kills fruit-trees of many years' growth by gnawing the roots. This is very trying to gar-

deners, for fruit is not easily raised in the newer portions of the West. I shall not soon forget a desperate young friend, who stood motionless in his garden one whole summer afternoon, with his gun aimed at a pocket gopher's hole. His patience was not rewarded, for the little miscreant had no idea of being shot. The pocket gopher is as fond of potatoes as an Irishman, and burrows under the hills, where he can eat them at his leisure. With the greedy potato-bugs above ground, and the pouched rat underneath, you can imagine that the farmer has a hard time raising his potatoes. I knew some little boys who earned a cent for every hundred bugs they killed, and they could kill a great many in a day; but there was no way to capture the wily enemy at the roots.

A curious animal, with which you may be better acquainted, is the barking squirrel, a sort of miniature woodchuck. Among the Indians he is known as the *Weptonwish*, while the French Canadians call him *Petit Chien*. He is generally called the prairie dog, though prairie marmot would be a better name, for he closely resembles his cousins across the water, the Alpine marmots. A clumsy little creature, with a peculiar flat head, he does not look at all like a dog, though his bark is somewhat like that of a very young puppy.

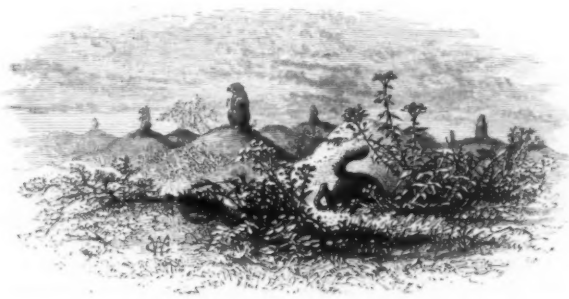
The Indians say, that before the great storms of autumn the prairie dogs close the mouths of their burrows with weeds and earth, and that if they open their doors before the storm is over, pleasant weather is sure to be at hand.

The little Alpine marmots burrow in the mountain slopes near the region of perpetual snow; and while they frolic beneath the summer sun, a sentinel on a neighboring crag gives an alarm at

the approach of danger. The prairie marmots use the little hillocks near their burrows for watch-towers; but their great curiosity often brings them to grief. When they see an intruder, they give a frightened yelp and leap into their holes; but they instantly wheel round and peer cautiously out to see what the danger is. Hunters take advantage of this inquisitive trait, and try to shoot the little creatures while they are looking out of their doors. The flesh of these animals is said to be tender and juicy; but unless they are instantly killed, they always contrive to escape into their burrows.

The domestic arrangements of the prairie dogs have excited much wonder; and when the small burrowing owl and prairie rattlesnake were first found in the "dog-towns," people said, "What a strange friendship! These happy families are more wonderful than any the museums can exhibit." But the naturalists looked at the matter in a different light, and declared that the owl and snake were unwelcome and uninvited guests, and were glad to get their board and lodging free. If the prairie dogs do not enjoy seeing their children swallowed by the rattlesnakes, they are wise enough to make a virtue of necessity. It is not so easy to account for the presence of the owl, as her food seems to consist entirely of insects. Perhaps she is too lazy to dig her own burrow, and prefers to rear her young owlets in a home already provided.

In England, the Alpine marmots are carried about in boxes by Savoyard boys, and exhibited for half-pence. Our Western marmots are also easily tamed, and I have heard of two who lived in their master's coat pocket, and loved to nestle in his breast. These pets were afterward placed in the Zoölogical Gardens in London.



A DOG-TOWN, OR MARMOT VILLAGE.



WINTER.

SAVED FROM SIBERIA.

By A. A. HAYES, JR.

WHEN Harry Holton awoke on a certain bright February morning, not long ago, he rubbed his eyes and stared about him for some time before he could remember where he was, and how he happened to be there. Then it all came back to him,—he had arrived the night before in St. Petersburg, very cold and quite tired out, and had been glad enough to go to bed in a warm and pleasant room in the *Hotel de l'Europe*. Harry and his parents were traveling in Europe, and only a few days before, his father had come to their pleasant apartment on the *Champs Elysées* in Paris, and told him that he and his mother were going to take him with them to Russia.

The very next night they drove to the station of the Northern Railway and took their places in a funny sleeping-car, as little as possible like the "Pullman" cars, in which Harry had often traveled at home. He slept soundly enough, and only awoke a little while before they rolled into a great station at Cologne, and he saw uniforms quite different from the Paris officials', and heard every body speaking German instead of French. Here he had time to make a hearty breakfast, and even

run out into the square and look for a few minutes at the grand cathedral, before the train started for Berlin.

At Berlin the party stayed two days, and his father bought warm fur pelisses, and fur-lined *goloshes* or overshoes, and large thick fur rugs for all three,—and Harry began to realize that they were going to a colder country than he had ever before visited. The train started from Berlin late in the evening, and the next afternoon they reached the frontier, where their baggage was subjected to a rigid examination by some very fierce-looking uniformed Russian Custom-house officials, to see if they had anything with them which it was forbidden to carry into Russia. Nothing of the kind was found, and Harry and his parents entered a Russian railway-carriage, where there was an enormous stove, into which a guard continually piled wood; and, until they reached St. Petersburg the next evening, it seemed to them that they saw absolutely nothing but trees and snow, with an occasional station where the passengers ran in and drank tumblers of hot tea. Harry could see little of the city as they drove rapidly to the hotel; but

glimpses of the signs, as the light from the street-lamps shone upon them, greatly puzzled him, for although the letters looked like Roman letters, they they did not make any words that he could understand. At the door of the hotel the travelers were received and shown to their rooms by a tall porter called "Swiss," and Harry at first thought this was on account of his nationality, but afterward learned that it was the name applied to all such domestics.

When Harry was fairly awake, the next morning, he jumped up, thinking how much pleasanter this was than the old bedroom in Paris, and having dressed himself he went to the window and looked out. The windows were double, with a curious little trough of salt between, and yet a strange chilliness seemed to come through them. Outside was a wide street, with stores bearing more of those curious signs. Little sleighs stood in a row at the side, their drivers in long sheepskin coats, tied with a girdle around the waist, pacing up and down, swinging their arms and stamping their feet as they waited for some one to hire their sleighs.

People walked with rapid steps, holding tightly around them their pelisses, the collars reaching above their ears. Snow was deep in the street and on the roofs, and the sky was unlike any that Harry had seen before,—clear and intensely cold in appearance.

His father had promised him a sleigh-ride that afternoon, and at about three o'clock the servant announced that the *troika* was at the door. The party went down wrapped in their furs, and found a large sleigh on low runners, and wide enough for three people to sit abreast. The driver stood up in front, and was dressed in a long blue coat lined with sheepskin, and had a red girdle around his waist and a rough fur cap on his head. The horses were the most remarkable part of the equipage. There were three of them, two jet black and the other white. One was in the shafts, with a wooden arch rising above his neck and connecting them; the others were attached on each side of him. Harry and his father and mother were snugly wrapped in rugs; a net, reaching from the dasher of the sleigh to the horses' backs, and intended to keep snow and ice from flying in the faces of the occupants of the *troika*, was properly adjusted; the "Swiss" gave some directions to the driver, and the equipage moved on.

Harry had now an opportunity of watching the performances of the horses, which had been described to him before the start. The horse in the middle trots steadily on; the left-hand, or "near" horse, called the "coquet," ambles with arched neck and graceful motion; and the right-hand, or "off" horse, called the "fury," moves with a prancing step, throwing his head up with a fierce

air, and apparently chafing and fretting. All three, as they appear every day in Russia, can be seen in the picture on the next page.

Turning a sharp corner, the party came into the Nevsky Prospekt, the Broadway of St. Petersburg, leading to the river Neva. It presented an animated sight, being lined with handsome buildings and filled with people,—ladies and gentlemen on foot or in sleighs, officers and soldiers, and *mujiks*, or peasants,—all muffled up and avoiding exposure to the air as much as possible. Sometimes a sleigh would be seen in which an officer, or nobleman, had changed places with his driver, who sat behind, while his master held the reins. Traversing the length of this street, Harry soon saw the beautiful gilt dome of the great cathedral of St. Isaac, and then they turned to the right and drove along the quay by the frozen Neva.

The ice seemed to be as much occupied as the solid ground; people were trying the speed of their horses on a track cleared of snow and surrounded by a crowd; others were gathered about some Laplanders in a rude encampment, and others were crossing and recrossing. The *troika* turned down by an easy descent, and soon reached the opposite shore. Before long, they were in the open country, and a long stretch of level road appeared; and, ere Harry knew what was coming, the driver uttered a shrill cry, and, like magic, the "coquet" and "fury" abandoned their pretty gaits and joined the middle horse in a gallop. And what a gallop it was! Harry felt his mother cling instinctively to him, and he saw the snow and ice strike against the net; indeed, the speed in that dry, cold air almost took his breath away, but he was quite sure that he had never enjoyed a drive so much in his life.

This was repeated more than once, and then they turned again toward the river Neva, and drove rapidly along.

Harry had been much interested in the skillful manner in which their coachman had managed his horses; and, as his father and mother were occupied with visitors the next morning, he asked them to let the "Swiss" find him the same coachman, and let him have a drive by himself. His parents did not object, and the man soon came around with a small sleigh and a single horse. The Swiss explained to Harry that he must hold on to the driver's belt or sash, and showed him how to do so. Then off they dashed again along the Nevsky Prospekt and the quays. When they were some distance from the hotel, Harry was astonished to hear the driver suddenly say to him in French:

"And the young Monsieur finds the drive agreeable?"

"Oh, very pleasant," replied Harry, who under-

stood French very well. "But I had no idea that you could speak French."

"Yes," said the driver, "I learned it as a child. You know it is said that our own language is so difficult, that we find all others easy to acquire. I

to go. And now let me show you how fast my good horse can go on the ice-covered Neva."

So saying he turned down to the river, and put the beautiful horse to his full speed along a smooth path on the ice. Suddenly Harry looked up to



IN THE TROIKA.

was not always a driver, I should tell you. I have seen better days."

Just as he addressed Harry, he had turned into a quiet street, and he was now driving slowly. The driver continued:

"You are an American, are you not?"

"Yes," said Harry.

"And the Americans are great friends of the Russians," said the driver. "I would like very much to see your country. In what city do you live?"

"In New York," said Harry.

"Oh, I have heard of New York. Do you have *troikas* there—like the one in which you drove yesterday?"

"No," replied Harry; "but I should like to take one there."

"But you would want driver and all. The American coachman would not understand how to manage the 'coquet' and the 'fury.'"

"Yes, indeed," said Harry, eagerly. "I should want to take you, too."

"Very well," said the driver, "I would be glad

see a strange and beautiful sight. Rising over the mist which covered all the body of the massive building, and left it as it were suspended in mid-air, was seen again the grand gilt dome of St. Isaac's. Harry cried out with wonder and pleasure, and the driver stopped to give him an opportunity of looking at this curious effect. Just then he heard his name called, and saw his father coming out of the cathedral with a tall, portly man, of an erect and soldierly bearing. He jumped out of the sleigh and ran to meet them.

"General," said his father, "I want to present my boy Harry to you. Harry, this is General P——, our consul here."

"Very happy to make your acquaintance, my good young friend," said the consul, speaking with a marked foreign accent. "I am glad to see you enjoy yourself so much in that sleigh. You have a good horse and a remarkably fine-looking driver. That turn-out would not be amiss in the Central Park, Mr. Holton?"

"Or better still, a *troika*," said Harry, delighted to hear his own idea broached in this way.

"Yes, a *troika* would do very well," said Mr. Holton. "What do you say, general? Could the whole establishment be procured and exported,—sleigh, horses, driver and all?"

"Sleigh and horses, yes; driver, perhaps, if you could find a steady and sober one,—such an one, for instance, as Master Harry's driver seems to be, if I may judge by his looks."

"Yes, the idea is worth pursuing," said Mr. Holton. "Now, Harry, you must n't keep your fine horse standing in the cold. You must finish your ride and be home before long, for a French friend of ours has called, and says that he is coming after dinner to take you to have some grand coasting on the ice mountain."

Harry, delighted to hear this, ran back to his sleigh, and was soon driven to the hotel.

After dinner, that evening, his French friend, Monsieur Delaporte, called for him, and he was pleased to see, on going to the door, that the same driver was in the *troika*.

They got into the sleigh and went spinning merrily along, and soon reached a spot where they saw a curious sight. At a distance of some hundreds of yards from each other stood two towers of wooden frame-work with houses on top. From each sloped down ways supported on similar frame-work, and ending in long, level, wooden alleys running side by side. The alley from each one extended just past the tower where the other began. There were flights of steps leading up through each tower to the house on top. Sled after sled was seen starting from a level platform in front of each house, and running with lightning speed down the incline and along the level to the foot of the other tower. There a servant, standing ready, would take the light sled and carry it up the steps, followed by the party who had come down on it, and who, when they had reached the house, and stopped a moment to warm themselves, would start down again in the opposite direction.

"See the ice mountains, and sport made easy," said M. Delaporte. "Hasten, Monsieur Harry, for we go to essay this novel amusement."

Harry and his friend jumped out of the *troika*, and they quickly ascended the steps. Passing through the warm room at the top, they came out on a platform, sloping down from which was the track for the sleds. It was about three feet wide, and had sides eight or ten inches in height, making it impossible for the sleds to run off. Over all, bottom and sides, was a thick coating of ice as smooth as glass. Harry's eyes sparkled as he saw this. Like every strong, healthy American boy, he loved coasting with all his heart, and had he lived a hundred or more years ago, he would have taken a foremost place in that youthful delegation,

now famous in the history of our country, who so boldly and successfully appealed to the British General Gage to prevent his red-coats from interfering with their enjoyment of this sport on Boston Common. Harry had had many fine opportunities of indulging his taste in coasting, but here was something to put all previous experience in the shade. Deep, well-packed snow he knew to be good; but any one could see with half an eye that this splendid ice was far better.

Down the tracks, one after another, went the sleds and their jolly passengers, and Harry could hardly wait for his turn. It soon came, and M. Delaporte sat down on the sled, his feet in front, and told Harry to kneel behind him, and clasp him tightly by the neck or shoulders. Then with a push they were off. Harry caught his breath at first, so tremendous did the speed seem to him. They were at the foot of the incline, as it seemed, in a second, and shot along the level, only slackening speed as they came to the tower opposite the one from which they had started. Here stood a servant ready to take the sled, and carry it up for a fresh start, and then they had the excitement and pleasure all over again.

After several repetitions of this experience, M. Delaporte left Harry to warm himself in the house on the tower, which they had just ascended, and near which stood their *troika*. He, himself, went out to get some friends to join them, and said that he would soon come back. Harry was left in the room with the man who had carried up his sled, and who now stood quite near him. To his great surprise, no sooner had the door closed on the French gentleman, than he heard the man ask:

"Will you permit me, young sir, to speak a few words to you? You must not be surprised at my addressing you in English,—I have been often in England."

"Certainly," said Harry, not knowing what the man could possibly want to say to him.

"I speak to you, because I am sure you have a kind heart, and we can trust you. You conversed to-day with the driver of your *troika*. He was most anxious to say more to you to-night, but he could not speak before the French gentleman, and then, too, he had a little fear about speaking at all; but he told me of his anxiety, and I am not afraid to trust you."

He drew nearer and spoke in a lower tone.

"I must be brief, for we may be interrupted. Your driver is a Russian nobleman. He was suspected most wrongly, and on the accusation of some bad men, who sought to ruin him, of being a Nihilist and a conspirator against the government. He would have been arrested and sent to Siberia but for a fortunate chance. A *mujik*, or peasant,

from one of his estates, who had just come to St. Petersburg with the intention of finding employment as a *troika* driver, was of about the same size and general appearance as the Count.

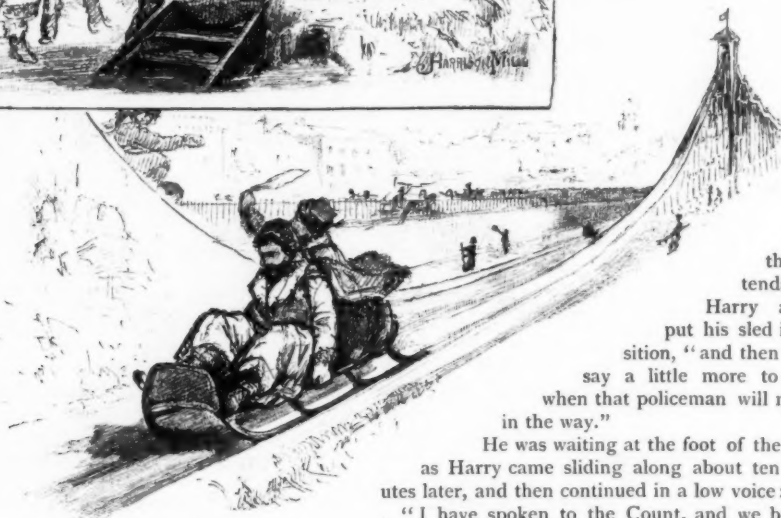
He would do anything for his landlord, and being of the

for him, and when he told me about you, and your plan for taking a *troika* and coachman to New York, I said to myself, 'That is providential.' I told him that I would talk to you, as I could do

so without attracting attention—but monsieur is perhaps again ready to descend the mountain," he said, leading the way toward the door.

Harry saw that the reason for his abrupt change of the conversation was the appearance of a police officer, who had entered the room.

"You will soon return from the other side of the ice mountain," whispered



THE ICE MOUNTAIN.

same height and general appearance, a clever servant and a hair-dresser from one of the theaters soon made the latter look like him. The *mujik* returned quietly to the country, and the Count remained here, where his identity has never been suspected. Of course he cannot remain in this position, as he may at any time be discovered and sent to Siberia. If he could reach America he could stay there safely and quietly until, after a sufficient time, his friends could clear him from an unfounded accusation. He is one of the best of men, brave, warm-hearted and charitable, and there are many who love him, I among them. I have racked my brain for some scheme of escape

the attendant to Harry as he put his sled in position, "and then I can say a little more to you, when that policeman will not be in the way."

He was waiting at the foot of the steps as Harry came sliding along about ten minutes later, and then continued in a low voice:

"I have spoken to the Count, and we believe that you can and will help him. Will you not?"

"Indeed, I will," said Harry, warmly.

"Thank you, I was sure of it," said the Russian. "You must speak to no one excepting your father, and there need be no further communication between us, or between you and the Count. Only say that you want to engage a driver and he will accept. Then your father will have the engagement signed before a notary and get a passport for his new driver, and all should go well. Here comes your friend, the French gentleman."

"Come on, my boy," said M. Delaporte, "we have time for but one more slide, and we will take it in a novel way."

So saying, he put a large rug in the proper position, and he, Harry, and two gentlemen who had

joined them, seated themselves on it and slid rapidly down, laughing and cheering as they went. Then they took their seats in the *troika*, and were driven away.

Harry could hardly sleep that night, so full was his mind of what he had heard, and of the plan for assisting in the escape of his friend. In the morning he scarcely could wait for his father to finish his breakfast before he told him the whole story. Mr. Holton was greatly interested, and to Harry's delight entered at once into the plan. He sat some time thinking about it, and then asked Harry to tell the "Swiss" to order the *troika*. As they drove in the direction which he indicated, and through some comparatively unfrequented streets, Mr. Holton said quietly to the driver, speaking in French:

"I suppose that I could buy a *troika* and harness like this for a fair price?"

"Yes, sir, certainly," was the reply.

"But I should want a driver. Would you go to France and America with me?"

"Yes, sir; I should like to go to America."

That evening, at dinner, Harry's father said to him:

"Everything is in train, my boy, but we had better not say much about it. I am going to start for Paris the day after to-morrow, at noon. I think that we shall, in point of fact, be content with an American sleigh in the Central Park; but the General is going to forward a *troika* and harness to Paris after our departure, while the driver is to go with us. I suppose," he added, with a quiet twinkle in his eye, "that some Russian nobleman, whom we may meet in France, may spare enough income from his estates to take it off our hands, if we should conclude not to carry it home with us. But here is our driver."

Before Harry retired that night, he had the pleasure of hearing that everything was settled, and that permission to leave Russia (which is as necessary as permission to enter it) had been duly received from the police. The document provided for the passing of the frontier by Mr. and Mrs. Holton and son, citizens of the United States, and Sergius Ivanovitch, their Russian coachman.



A SMALL RUSSIAN SLEIGH.

"Very well," said Mr. Holton; "come up to my rooms in the hotel this evening, and perhaps we can come to some arrangement. Now drive me to the United States Consulate."

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When the day came for the departure of the party, Harry felt terribly uneasy, and the hours seemed to creep along. He fancied that every one must suspect there was something wrong, or else

some mystery about that fine tall coachman, who was occupying himself with the luggage. But eleven o'clock and quarter past eleven came with no disturbance or trouble, and they took a carriage and drove to the station. Harry's heart was in his mouth when he saw a police sergeant standing near the train, and he only breathed more freely when they rolled out of the station. Then came the same old prospect of woods and snow,—more woods and more snow,—the same stations with the *samovar* or great tea-urn, the same hot stove in the railway carriage, and the same guard crowding wood into it.

Harry still felt very uneasy, especially as they approached the frontier, and he almost held his breath when the uniformed officials came to inspect the passports and compare the people with their descriptions.

Everything seemed all right, and in a very short time they were past the frontier, on German soil, and felt secure. Through Germany and all the way to Paris, Sergius remained a coachman; but, as the train rolled into the railway station, he said, with a quiet smile, to Mr. Holton:

"After an interview with some friends, and with a barber, a tailor, and others, the man you have saved will make his appearance at your hotel to introduce himself, to apologize for the disappearance of your coachman, and to thank you and this noble boy from his heart" (and his voice shook a little) "for what you have done for him."

Harry was sitting with his father and mother at breakfast in the hotel at about noon on the second day, when the waiter brought in a card, on which Mr. Holton read the name,

"LE CONTE IVANOFSKY,"

and, waiting for them, in their drawing-room, they found a tall, fine-looking gentleman, as utterly unlike their late coachman as it was possible to

conceive. In his hand, he held a beautiful bouquet, which he presented with grave politeness to Mrs. Holton. Then, evidently with heartfelt emotion, he told them that his gratitude to them was something which he should never be able to express. He spoke eloquently and at some length, while Harry sat looking at him, and wondering if it could possibly be the man who had driven him across the frozen Neva. The Count made but a short visit, telling his friends that by the next day he would better realize the change in his condition, and be better company for them. As he parted with Harry at the door, he put three parcels in his hands, and was off before he could inquire what they were. On opening them, Harry found three jeweler's cases, with cards attached, with the names of his mother, his father, and himself written thereon in a quaint but plain hand. For his mother there was a beautiful bracelet, for his father an antique seal ring, and for himself a beautiful little watch, with a picture of a *troika* engraved on the case.

The Count Ivanofsky lives in St. Petersburg again. The Czar learned the truth about his case, and sent for him to come back. He is very fond of meeting Americans, and especially American boys; and, if any of the readers of ST. NICHOLAS ever go there, and can ascertain where he lives, I am sure he will be glad to see them, and give them a far better idea than I can of the wonderful sights of that great, cold, northern city.

Harry Holton corresponds with him; and one day, not long ago, when I was lunching with his father, he wanted me to try some curious black-looking preparation, which he was eating with his bread, and called *caviare*, a well-known Russian dainty. I asked him if he really liked it, and he replied, with a half-smile on his lips:

"I cannot say that I have quite learned to relish it as they do in St. Petersburg, but I feel bound to eat it, for it was sent to me by a gentleman whom we saved from Siberia."



DAISY'S MISTAKE.

BY MRS. E. MCKEAN ELY.



"TO-MORROW I'm going to Sunday-school,"

She said, with a skip and prance,

"Now wait a moment, baby dear,
Till I show you how I'll dance."

With pretty joy on her sober face,
And her dainty skirt outspread,
Our dimpled Daisy began to show
The measure she meant to tread.

"Ho, baby!" she cried, with courtesying dips,

"I'll go *this* way, and *this*,—

I'll be a good girl at the Sunday-school,
And never a step I'll miss."

Of the dancing-school and its fine delights
She had learned from playmates gay,
What wonder that now, while her parents planned,
Her little head went astray!

The happy Sunday had come and gone

When Daisy, now wiser grown,
Was asked how she danced at Sunday-school,
And whether she danced alone.

"O' *course* not," answered the little maid,—

"Course childrens never do.

Do you fink I would dance at Sunday-school?
I'm really ashamed of you!"

A KNOTTY SUBJECT.

BY CHARLES L. NORTON.

IF Alexander the Great had been a sailor, instead of a soldier, he would have quietly untied that Gordian knot, and the world would never have heard about it. Cutting it with his sword, like an angry boy, made the act famous. Alexander was, however, by no means the first to lose

it is fastened becomes the "standing part," while the rest is the "end part," or "running part." Wherever the term "bight" is used, it means the same as loop. In the illustrations, the knots are generally represented before they are tightened, so that their formation can be more clearly shown.

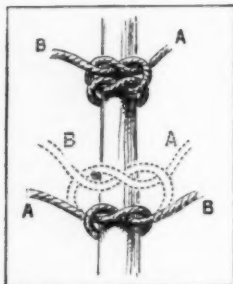


FIG. 1. SQUARE KNOT.

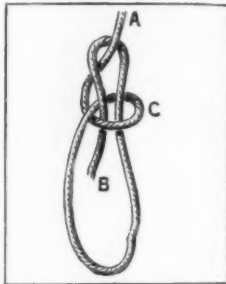


FIG. 2. BOWLINE KNOT.

his temper over a knot, though he is, perhaps, the first of whom history makes special mention. It is safe to say that the Garden of Eden saw the first knots tied and untied, and the process is bound to go on to the very end of time.

The art of making knots is of immense importance on shipboard. Every day the safety of life and property depends upon the security with which they are tied. On shore these knots may be of less general consequence, but a knot that will hold is certainly far better anywhere than one that will slip, and occasions often arise when an expert knot-maker is an exceedingly useful person. So, boys, find a piece of heavy twine or small rope like an ordinary clothes-line, and learn a few of the regular knots, bends, and hitches.

A "knot," as a sailor understands the term, is more permanent than a "hitch," and a "bend" is a sort of half-way name, which may be either one or the other. A good knot, when once tightened, never slips, but at the same time it does not "jam" so that it cannot be readily untied. A "hitch" is made and cast off more quickly and easily than a knot, and is not usually trusted for permanent duty. For convenience of description, in many of the following examples, the line is supposed to have one end made fast to some fixed object. Take hold of it, and the part between your hand and the point where

A SQUARE OR REEF KNOT. (FIG. 1.)

This is generally made with two ends of a line (or the ends of two lines, as the case may be) around some object, as a spar, or a furling sail. Let A and B (Fig. 1) represent the two ends. Pass one over and then under the other, as in the lower part of Fig. 1. This makes a simple "overhand knot." Repeat it with the ends as indicated by the dotted lines, haul taut, and you have the square or reef knot complete, as shown in the upper part of the diagram. Notice that the loop made by B passes *over* both parts of A, and that made by A passes *under* both parts of B. If either of the loops divides the parts passing through it, you have made what sailors call a "granny," which will slip. Ends of different-sized lines cannot be tied securely together by this knot.

A BOWLINE KNOT. (FIG. 2.)

Make fast one end of your line. Take a turn or "gooseneck," C, in standing part, and hold this in position with your left hand while you pass the end-part, B, up through C, behind and around A, and finally down through C. Then haul taut. This is not precisely the way in which a sailor does

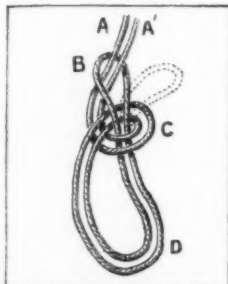


FIG. 3. BOWLINE UPON EIGHT.



FIG. 4. BECKET HITCH.

it, but is simplest to describe. If you would tie the knot in true nautical style, lay the end part across the standing part, and with a turn of the left

wrist place the gooseneck, C, over it. Finish as before.

A Bowline upon a Bight (Fig. 3) is made with a doubled line. Let A and A' represent the doubled standing part and B the bight of the doubled line (in this case the end-part). Make a bight, C, as

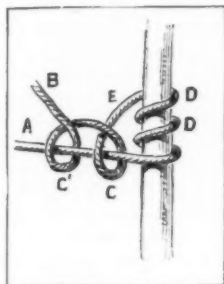


FIG. 5. ROLLING HITCH.

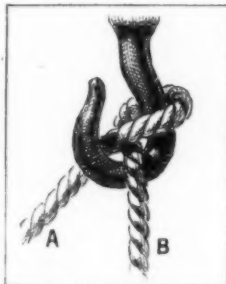


FIG. 7. BLACKWALL HITCH.

in simple bowline, and pass B up through it (see dotted lines, Fig. 3). So far, the knot is practically the same; but now B must be pulled through C, and spread open sufficiently to bend it downward and over the larger bights, C and D, and then up again until it surrounds the doubled standing-part, A A'. Pull it downward until it binds A A' tightly and the knot is complete. A safe way of lower-

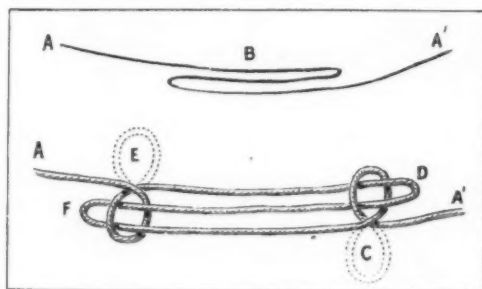


FIG. 6. "SHEEP-SHANK."

ing a person from a window in case of fire would be to shorten one of the bights at D, let the person sit in the longer bight, and put the shorter one behind the back and under the arms. The bowline in its different forms is perhaps the most useful of knots, being perfectly secure and very easily tied. Two simple bowlines, made through one another, bend lines together with absolute security, and this cannot always be done with a single knot where the lines are of different sizes.

BECKET HITCH OR BEND. (FIG. 4.)

This is the most trustworthy single knot for

fastening two ends together. Make a bight B (Fig. 4), in one line. Pass the end of the other from behind through it and once around both parts A A' of the bight. Then down under its own part as at C, and haul taut, taking care not to let the turn taken around A A' slip down over B. A single turn around A A' makes a Becket hitch; a double turn makes a Double hitch. Either is secure.

A ROLLING HITCH, HALF HITCHES, ETC. (FIG. 5.)

Half hitches are made with a line around its own standing part. In Fig. 5, C C' are half hitches. Pass the end part B around standing part A, then between its own part E and the spar. The same motions will make half hitch marked C', and so you may keep on indefinitely if you wish. Two half hitches are also known as a "Clove hitch." The Rolling hitch shown in Fig. 5 is made by first taking two round turns, D D, about a spar. Half hitches are extremely useful in an infinite variety of ways, one of which is in making a "Sheep shank" (Fig. 6). But you must first learn to lay a half-hitch over anything, as for instance a stick, without taking the end through. Look at Fig. 6 and you will see that C and E are nothing more than half hitches over D and F. Experiment on the end of a stick and you will soon find that, by making a small bight or gooseneck, as in the bowline knot, you can lay it over, forming a half hitch, or as many half hitches as you like around the stick. Now suppose you wish to shorten a rope which is made fast at each end—a swing, for instance—without climbing up to undo it. There will be two standing parts, A A'. First double the line on itself as at B, holding the parts together with the left hand. Secondly, make a gooseneck, C, and lay it over D, as above directed, making a half hitch around the two parts D. Thirdly, make a similar gooseneck, E, and lay it in like manner over F. Pull tight in the direction of A and A' and you will find that your rope is securely shortened.

A BLACKWALL HITCH. (FIG. 6.)

Form a bight by placing the running part (B) across and under the standing part (A). Put this over a hook (as the hook of a tackle-block) from below so that the inside of the bight rests against the back of the hook, and the parts cross in the bend of the hook, the standing part being on top. A rope fastened to the handle of a bucket by means of this hitch is readily attached and detached to and from the hook of a tackle-block.

A CAT'S PAW. (FIG. 8.)

This is used wherever a "Blackwall" would be used. Take the lines with both hands a short dis-



FIG. 8. CAT'S PAW.

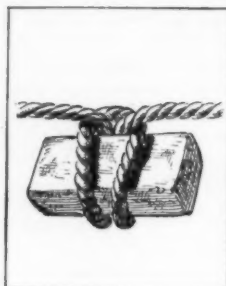


FIG. 9.

tance apart. Let the ends A and B, and the bight, hang downward loosely, the hands being at C and D. Turn the bights C and D round and round twice, either outward or inward. The motion will twist A and B around the two parts of the bight E, as shown in the cut, leaving the fingers holding the two small bights C and D. Slip these over the hook, and you have a "Cat's paw." Either A or B, or both of them together, will bear a strain when hauled taut.

Figure 9 shows how a weight, or any number of weights, or sinkers, may be fastened to a line. The cut hardly calls for explanation. A very little ingenuity will show how this hitch is made without putting the end of the line through the bight.

A TIMBER HITCH. (FIG. 10.)

Pass the running part (B) under the timber. Carry it up to and around standing part (A), and

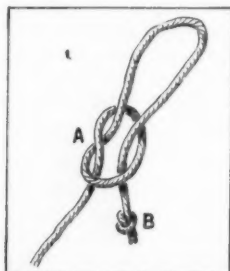


FIG. 12. INFALLIBLE LOOP.

then pass it twice or more around itself as at C, D, etc. When the standing part is tightened, the line binds around the timber, so that it will not slip.

The timber-hitch is used in hauling spars or timber, and is handy for any similar purpose.

A SINGLE WALL-KNOT (FIG. 11). INFALLIBLE LOOP (FIG. 12).

In order to fasten off the end of a rope, and prevent its untwisting, many plans have been resorted to. The most simple, and at the same time the most effectual, is called a Single Wall-Knot, Fig. 11. The three strands are numbered 1, 2, 3. Take No. 1, and make half loop A. Take No. 2, and pass through under A, retaining the shape somewhat as illustrated by B; then take No. 3, and pass over No. 1 at D, under at E, around and up through B. When the ends are pulled tight and cut off evenly, or served (wound, that is) with fine thread or twine, it makes a very neat finish.

The "Infallible Loop" (Fig. 12) is a thoroughly trustworthy one, and well adapted for the use of

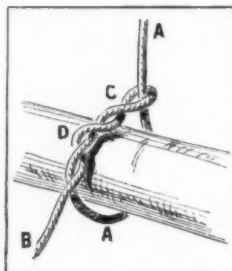


FIG. 10. TIMBER HITCH.

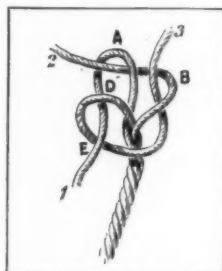
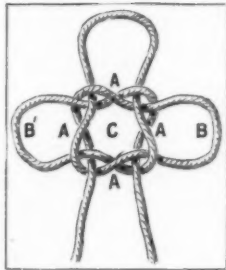
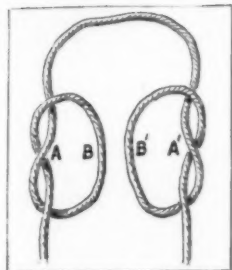


FIG. 11. SINGLE WALL KNOT.

archers. The cut sufficiently illustrates the manner of making it. When the overhand knot at A is tightened, the end-knot, B, cannot slip through, and so a secure loop is formed for the "nock" of the bow.

THE TRUE LOVERS' KNOT.
(FIGS. 13 AND 14.)

We may as well conclude this knotty essay with a more difficult performance than any thus far attempted, to wit, "The True Lovers' Knot." Two cuts are necessary for the explanation of this. First, tie two loose overhand knots, as at A A' in Fig. 13. Then pass the bight B between the two parts of the line near A', and the bight B' between the two parts near A. Pull them through carefully, and the knot will assume the shape shown in Fig. 14. This knot can be evenly tied only by taking pains to adjust the bights so that they will be of equal size. It has no general use, but is



FIGS. 13 AND 14. TRUE LOVERS' KNOT.

employed in the navy to carry heavy shot, the loose ends being spliced together, forming a fourth

bight, so that four men can take hold at once. The shot is placed in the central space, C. When finished for permanent use, the parts at A A A A are served with yarn so that the space C will keep its proper size. The knot is used in hot countries to sling water-jars, or "monkeys," as they are called, so that they will swing and keep the water cool.

Only a few of the knots known to sailors have been described, but we hope the selection has been judicious, and will save many of our readers from needless trouble

when they attempt to tie knots that are expected to do their duty.



AROUND and around a dusty little room,
Went a very little maiden with a very big broom.
And she said: "Oh, I could make it so tidy and so trig,
Were I a little bigger and my broom not quite so big!"

A FAITHFUL FRIEND.

BY JOHN V. SEARS.



"JET CROUCHED UPON THE CRADLE, COVERING THE BABY." [SEE PAGE 308.]

OUR house on the Highlands stands in the midst of a group of cedars, on a little plateau between the hills, about one hundred feet above the water. Here, during the summer months, the children of two or three families assemble for their annual holiday 'longshore, the party numbering sometimes nearly a dozen boys and girls. Bathing, boating, fishing, rambling over the hills, picnicking on the shore, or resting on the grass under the trees, and watching the white clouds sail across the blue sky, the young folk enjoy life, and breathe in new vigor to carry them through the next school term. The autumn, too, is a delightful season on the Highlands, and the first frosts often find some of the company still lingering in the "shanty," as our dear old cabin is familiarly called.

Late in September, of the year 1867, there arose

a great storm, which is still spoken of 'longshore as "the September gale." There happened to be quite a gathering in the old house at the time, and the children were intensely interested in watching the progress of the storm, especially after the rain abated, so that we could see out over the water. We found there was a vessel stranded on the West Bank, immediately in front of our house, about five miles off shore. We afterward learned that she was an Italian barque, loaded with oranges and oil. With the glass we could see her quite plainly, see the waves breaking clear over her, see the men in her rigging, see them making signals for help, and see, too, their hopeless efforts to lash spars together for a raft to float ashore on. It was impossible to render them any aid. Nothing ever put together by human hands could live an instant

in the awful tumult of water that raged around the doomed barque. She was beaten to pieces in a few hours, and before evening the last spar sank beneath the waves.

Next morning the shore was strewn for miles and miles with boxes of oranges, and long, slender puncheons of olive oil, but no sign of the hapless crew of the vessel was ever seen again. We all went down to the shore, and set to work saving the cargo, piling up the boxes of fruit, and rolling the oil casks above high-water mark. While at work, we noticed a very curious illustration of the effect of "oil upon the waters." Many of the puncheons were broken and leaking. Wherever the oil had escaped in this way, and spread out on the surface of the bay, there the waves were stilled, and in the midst of the tumultuous seas a smooth, calm field appeared, sometimes covering the space of perhaps two acres.

In one of these glassy, calm streaks a mass of broken spars and wrecked stuff came floating toward shore, and we all watched it eagerly for a fresh lot of oranges, in whole boxes. Jennie Warren, who had the spy-glass, presently exclaimed:

"There is something alive there! I can see it crawling about; it looks like a cat."

We followed the raft, drifting along up shore nearly half a mile before it came within reach, and then Jennie's brother dashed into the water and rescued the little creature, that was in instant danger of being crushed by the broken timbers. It proved to be a tiny black puppy, very pretty, and evidently only a few weeks old. He was almost exhausted, but the girls adopted him at once, took him up to the house, warmed and dried him, and gave him a breakfast of fresh milk. After a long nap by the kitchen stove, he came out as good as new. As Jennie was the first to see him, she was appointed to give him a name. After consultation with the girls, it was decided to call him Italia, because he came from Italy; but we others made fun of that as altogether too high-flown and sentimental. Finally, we all agreed on Jetsam as a good name; Jetsam, according to 'longshore dictionaries, meaning anything saved from a wreck, and Jet being appropriate on account of his color.

Jet lived with us on the Highlands nearly eight years, growing up to be a very large and very powerful dog. He was built on the race-horse model, of rather slender and elegant proportions, but he was not at all a delicate animal, having prodigious strength and unflinching endurance. We never knew what his breed was, but he had some Newfoundland and some Spaniel marks, with other peculiarities differing from either. He had

a very fine head, an intelligent face, and really beautiful eyes; a long, sweeping tail, a shining, silky coat, a white cross on his breast, and white tips to his toes. He was fully palmpied, or web-footed, and about as much at home in the water as on land. His disposition was affectionate and kind, except that he was suspicious of strangers, until they were endorsed by some one known to him.

He was very fond of the children, and enjoyed being with them. He would stand almost any amount of teasing, especially from the little ones, and never was known to show the least sign of temper with them. He had a just idea, however, of what is due to a good dog, and when occasion required, he knew how to assert his rights and to compel respect.

We had a bright little fellow with us who, although not in the least vicious, yet had a boy's propensity to destroy and to injure and to inflict pain. Master Willie loved Jet dearly, and yet he would persist in torturing the patient dog outrageously, striking hard blows, punching with sharp sticks, and pulling hair cruelly. One summer's afternoon Jet was lying on the front piazza, taking a nap, and Willie came out and assaulted him with a new carriage whip, which had been left in the hall. Jet knew the child ought not to have the whip, so he went and called the nurse's attention, as he often did when the children were getting into mischief or danger. But the girl did not give heed, as she should have done, and Willie kept on following Jet from place to place, plying the lash vigorously. Finding he was left to deal with the case himself, Jet quietly laid the young one on the floor, carefully took a good grip in the gathers of his little frock, lifted him clear, and gave him a hearty, sound shaking. Then he took up the whip, trotted off to the barn with it, came back, stretched himself out in the shade, and finished his nap. The young gentleman did not interfere with him again, and ever afterward treated him with great consideration.

Nothing delighted the dog more than to go into the water with the young folk, and to see the bathing-suits brought out always put him in the highest spirits. The children called him "the boss of the bathing-ground," and so he was, as he made all hands do just as he pleased. He would take them in and bring them out again, as he thought fit, and there was no use in resisting him, as he could master half-a-dozen at once, in the water. No one could go beyond certain bounds, either, under penalty of being brought back with more haste than ceremony. But, within the proper limits, he never tired of helping the bathers to have a good time, frolicking with them, carrying them on his back, towing them through the water, letting them dive

off his shoulders, playing leap-frog, and making sport in a hundred ways of his own.

Going sailing or rowing were also favorite pastimes with Jet, and he was a capital companion in the boats. He could neither hand nor reef, but he learned to steer, after a fashion, and would hold a boat on her course as steady as an old pilot. Somebody had to shift the helm for him, of course, if that was to be done, but he liked to sit up on the stern-sheets, with the tiller between his paws, flattering himself that he was the skipper and we others were the crew. His favorite boat was the surf-skiff, a crescent-shaped little craft, built of rived cedar, about an eighth of an inch thick. She was light as a feather, had a bearing of about a hand's breadth on the water, and was as skittish as a young colt. Any one unaccustomed to her tricks and manners, would get thrown out quicker than a flash, no birch canoe being half so cranky. Jet got twitched overboard many a time before he learned the hang of the skiff, but finally he succeeded in taking her bearings, and then he would ride in her through the heaviest surf we ever ventured to encounter. We kept her tied to a stake about a hundred yards off shore, and he would swim out, scramble in over the bow and ride there by the hour, like a baby in a cradle.

On going down to the shore one day, after dinner, we found the skiff was gone, and, after a time, we noticed that Jet was missing, too. We could find nothing of either the boat or the dog, and greatly feared that both had been stolen by some of the marauders that range 'longshore in the summer. But, toward evening, what was our surprise to discover Jet coming in sight around Stony Point, about a mile down shore, with the surf-skiff in tow. He had the painter in his teeth, and, half-swimming, half-wading, he worked along very well, except that the light little cockle-shell would drift on to the stones in spite of him, and then he would have some trouble to get her afloat again. We found a pair of brogans and an old coat on the locker, and so we concluded that some vagabond had stolen the skiff, and Jet had followed him, and watched until he found a chance to steal her back again.

The tramp nuisance, in course of time, gave us a deal of trouble, and we learned to keep everything carefully locked up, all our boating and fishing appointments being safely stowed in the boat-house. Our last duty at night, on leaving the shore, was always to put everything away, fasten all tight, and put a padlock on the door. The boat-house was down at the foot of the bank, out of sight and sound from the house, and, unless made secure, could have been stripped in the night without our getting a hint of it. One Saturday night, Jet was on the shore with us until after dark,

and we supposed he came up with us; but when the girls called him to supper, he was not to be found. We looked all about for him, and in the evening some of us went part way down the bank and whistled for him, but we saw nothing of him. Next morning he was still absent. It being Sunday, we did not search for him very actively, and no one went to the shore. Monday morning came, and still he had not returned. We began to feel anxious about him, and before breakfast the boys ran down to the shore, where we concluded he had last been seen. On reaching the boat-house, there they found him, lying in front of the door. As they ran toward him, he sprang up, picked up the padlock in his teeth, and brought it to them. We had neglected to lock the door, and finding no one came back to attend to that duty, the faithful dog had kept guard over the boat-house from Saturday evening until Monday morning. He probably had not stirred from his post, keeping a wakeful watch for two nights and a day, without drop or sup the while.

Jet became famous as a watch-dog throughout the neighborhood, and kept our place free from unwelcome visitors as long as he lived. He was shot at several times, and was twice quite seriously hurt; but with the tender care he received, he came out as sound and handsome as ever. Several times, too, he was stolen, and though more than once kept away over a week, yet he always found his way home again, worn out and distressed, perhaps, but doubly welcome after his captivity and escape. The most remarkable instance of his homing instinct was on one occasion when we concluded he must have been taken away on some vessel, coming in near our place for water. He had been gone all the week, and we were greatly in fear we should never see him again. On Saturday afternoon we had been out to a ledge of rocks, a mile off shore, in the sail-boat, after weakfish and lobsters, and, as we made sail and turned for home, one of the boys on the forward locker sang out: "There is something adrift over toward Sandy Hook. Let's run out and see what it is!"

The elders of the party did not want to go so far straight away from home for such a trifle, but the sharp-eyed youngsters brought the glass to bear on the drifting object, and declared they believed it was something moving. So we put the helm down and steered for the speck on the water, which only the brightest eyes on board could make out. We ran on and on, a long stretch, before we could distinguish what the object was, and then the boy with the glass suddenly exclaimed: "I do believe it is our Jet!"

And so, indeed, it was! As we ran past him and came up in the wind, to pick him up, the dear

old fellow recognized us, and followed the boat, as she turned, with as grateful eyes as ever were seen in the world. When we dragged him aboard, he

fact remains, that the dog must have been in the water a very long time, trying to return home.

This summer we shall find no Jet at the High-

sank into the bottom of the boat utterly exhausted. Although almost amphibious, he had been swimming so long that he was thoroughly water-logged. He could not raise his head when he got home, and we had to carry him up the bank on a seine-barrow. It was many a long day before Jet recovered from that soaking, and he was not at all free about going into the water again all summer. Where he had been, how he got there, and how he came to be swimming toward home, in the middle of Raritan Bay, of course we never knew. The children adopted the theory that he had been taken to New York, had found a chance to jump overboard there, and had been paddling toward home when we found him. As the distance is nearly twenty miles, this theory hardly seems credible, but the

lands, and the place will hardly seem the same without him. Last season there came a dear little baby, of the third generation, to the old cabin, and Jet took the infant under his especial care from the first. He would watch while it slept, with untiring patience, jog the cradle if it stirred, and call the nurse if it cried or needed attention. Nothing pleased him more than to be left alone with the little one, and, in the course of

HOW WE GOT JET.



the summer, his faithful care was rewarded by responsive affection. The baby learned to love him, and would crow and coo to him every morning with unmistakable delight. To lie on a blanket, under a tree, or on the piazza, and bury her chubby fists in his silky coat, to clamber over his shoulders, to lead him along by the ear while riding in her little carriage, to tyrannize over him in a hundred pretty ways,—these were the daily occupations of which she never tired. She learned to stand on her feet and to take her first steps by clinging to his neck, and his name was the first word she ever spoke. It seemed as though he could hear her piping voice as if by magic. If he was on the place at all, whether within hearing or not, she had only to call "Det, Det!" and presently he would come bounding in.

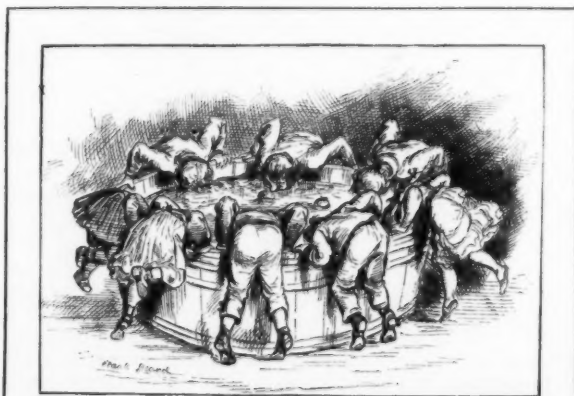
One evening, late in August, we were all assembled, as usual after supper, on the piazza and the lawn in front of the house, enjoying the long twilight. The servants were down-stairs, getting their supper, and Jet was left alone with the baby in the sitting-room, which opens on to the piazza by long windows. Baby had gone to sleep in the dark, and Jet was lying beside her cradle. It was a very calm night; there was not a breath stirring, but the "fresh salt" of the sea was in the air, and the heat of the day was done. The young folk were singing softly together some gentle refrain, when a terrible shriek broke upon us, and the nurse-girl rushed out through the hall, her clothing in a blaze, and the flame streaming above her head. To roll her on the grass and smother the blaze with our coats was the work of an instant.

Then arose another cry, never to be forgotten by those who heard it: the agonized prayer and lament of a mother for her child. The sitting-room was full of fire. The girl had brought up a lighted lamp, after supper, and dropped it on the floor as she entered the room. The cradle was in the corner of the room farthest from the door. Mr. Warren dashed in at the window, and made one leap to the cradle. He found Jet crouched upon it, covering the baby with his body.

How they got out we could not comprehend. It was all over in the twinkling of an eye, and Mr. Warren and the dog were lying on the grass beside the mother, who was almost fainting, with the baby safe and sound in her lap. The little thing was nearly suffocated, but recovered after a few minutes in the open air, and took no harm from the fire.

The sitting-room was burned out, but we succeeded in stopping the flames there and saving the house. Mr. Warren's face and hands were badly burned, and the nurse-girl seriously, but not dangerously, injured. Jet was severely scorched, but after caring for him as best we could that night, we thought he would come round again in a few days. Next morning, however, he was missing, and even to baby's call, "Det, Det!" he made no answer. After a long search we found him under the piazza, stone dead.

Jet is buried on the hill-side, where the arbutus blooms early in the spring. We have placed a water-worn boulder from the shore over his grave, and on the stone are carved, in deep letters, only the words, "A Faithful Friend."



BOBBING FOR APPLES.

HOW TO ENTERTAIN A GUEST.

BY SUSAN ANNA BROWN.



ST. NICHOLAS had something to say, not very long ago, to those who wished to be agreeable guests. It seems hardly fair that these should have all the advice, since there are some people whom you enjoy receiving in your own house who do not know exactly how to manage matters when they have company at their own homes.

Now we will have a little talk on the otherside of this question of entertainment, and will speak of those

frequent occasions when, as Dr. Holmes says,

"The visitor becomes the visitee."

There are some people who seem to consider that the obligation is all over when the guest has arrived, but, in reality, it has just begun. You are responsible in some degree for the happiness of your visitors from the time they enter your house until they leave it.

Young girls who have no household cares should feel this obligation especially, but some who do feel it do not know how to make their visitors happy and at ease, and so are uncomfortable all the time they stay, and because they feel that they do not succeed, become discouraged, and at last stop trying. Indeed, there is nothing more discouraging than to feel that you ought to do a thing, and not know exactly how or where to begin; but a few words of help, carefully remembered, may give one a wonderful start in the right direction, so here they are, for those of you who are looking forward to receiving visits from your young friends, with a sort of dread, lest they may not have what they call "a good time."

It is not in the finest houses, or in the gayest places, that guests always enjoy themselves the most. You must have something better than elegant rooms, or all the sights and sounds of a big city, to make your home attractive and pleasant. It is a

very low grade of hospitality which trusts in good dinners and fine houses alone. It must be a more subtle charm than either of these which will make your house a home to your friends.

All who have ever made visits themselves know this to be true. A cordial welcome, a readiness to oblige, a kind thoughtfulness of the pleasure of others instead of your own, are three golden rules for a hostess to remember.

Let us look at some of the smaller details.

In the first place, have the guest's room in readiness beforehand, so as not to be constantly supplying deficiencies after she comes. Put a few interesting books on the table, and writing materials, if it be only a common pencil, pen and ink-bottle, with a few sheets of paper.

Try and make the room show your guest that she was expected, and that her coming was looked forward to with pleasure.

A few flowers on the bureau, an easy-chair by the pleasantest window,—these are some of the little touches which make the pleasantest room seem home-like.

If your visitors are strangers, or unaccustomed to traveling, try to meet them at the station, or to send some one for them. The sight of a familiar face among the crowd takes away that first homesick feeling which comes to young people as, tired and travel-worn, they step from the boat or cars into the sights and sounds of a strange place. When your friend is once established in the guest-chamber, remember that it becomes her castle, and is as much her own as if she was at home; so do not be running in and out too familiarly without an invitation. Let her feel that when you go there the order of things is reversed, and that then you are the guest and she is the hostess.

Let the pleasures which you choose for her entertainment be of a kind which you are sure she will enjoy. It is no kindness to insist on taking a nervous, timid girl on a fast drive, or out rowing if she is afraid of the water, under the impression that visitors must be taken somewhere, when all the time she is wishing she was on solid ground.

Do not invite people unaccustomed to walking to go on long tramps in the woods, and imagine that because it is easy and pleasant for you it must be so for them, nor take those who are longing for music to see pictures instead, while you are boring the picture-lovers, who may care nothing for music, with concerts. A little ingenuity and ob-

servation will give you enough knowledge of your friend's real taste to prevent you from making these mistakes; and, indeed, there will be little danger of your doing this, if you keep in mind that the kindest thing you can do is to let guests enjoy themselves in their own way, instead of insisting that they shall enjoy themselves in yours. If they are fond of books, let them read in peace. I once heard a lady, who thinks herself hospitable, say to a young friend who was looking over a book which lay on the table, "If you want to read that book, I will lend it to you to take home, but while you are here I want you to visit with me."

Let your friends alone, now and then, and do not make them feel that you are constantly watching over them. Some people, in trying to be polite, keep their guests in continual unrest. The moment one is comfortably seated, they insist that she shall get up and take a chair which they consider more easy. If she sits in the center of the room, they are sure she cannot see, and if she happens to be by a window, they are afraid the light will hurt her eyes.

There is no place where this is more uncomfortable than at the table. An entire visit is sometimes spoiled for a sensitive guest by having her friends say, from a mistaken kindness, "I am sorry you do not like what we have. Cannot we get you something that you will like better?" or, "How does it happen that you have no appetite?" in this way calling the attention of the whole family to her, and making her feel that they consider her difficult to please. You can get something different for her the next time, if you choose, but do not let her feel that you are too carefully watching her plate.

Do not make visitors feel obliged to account to you for all their comings and goings, or tire them by constant and obvious efforts to entertain them. Unless they are very stupid people, they will prefer to entertain themselves for a part of the time, even although you make them feel that your time is at their disposal whenever they want it. I heard two friends talking not long ago of a place where they were both in the habit of visiting.

"How pleasant it is at Mrs. Chauncey's," said one. "If you want her to go anywhere with you, she always makes you feel that it is just the place where she wishes to go herself."

"Yes," replied the other, "she never makes a fuss over you, but acts as if you did not cause an extra step to be taken, so that you don't worry all the time for fear you are making trouble; and if you want her advice about anything you are doing, she is always ready to stop her own work and show you just what you want to know, and makes you feel as if she was doing it for her own pleasure

instead of yours,—so much nicer than the way some people have of acting as though you were a constant interruption."

If any excursion is planned, and for any reason you find that your friend will be really happier to stay at home, do not insist upon her going, or allow the party to be broken up on her account. If she would really enjoy more to have you go without her, do not insist upon remaining with her. A friend of mine suffered much by being obliged to go on a steamboat excursion with a cinder in her eye, because she found that her friends would not do as she wished, and leave her quietly at home, and so, finding that the pleasure of a whole party would be broken up, she endured the pain of going with them, when she might have passed the afternoon in comparative comfort at home.

In the same way, some people will insist upon going about on business with a guest, who would much prefer to go alone.

In regard to conversation, remember sweet George Herbert's rule:

"Entice all neatly to what they know best,
For so thou dost thyself and him a pleasure."

Talk of the people and things which are most likely to interest those whom you wish to please. You would think it very rude to speak in a language which your visitors did not understand, and it is about the same thing to talk of matters in which they have no interest and which they know nothing about. Every family has its sayings and jokes, which sound very funny to them, but unless they are explained, they mean nothing to a stranger.

Do not ask many questions about your guests' personal affairs, since you are taking them at a great disadvantage when they are in your own house, as they will not like to refuse to answer. Be careful not to be too ready with advice about a visitor's dress. If she asks you what is most suitable to wear on any occasion, tell her frankly; but above all things do not say or do anything which shall indicate that you do think her clothes are not as pretty and fashionable as they ought to be. Sometimes a remark, made with the kindest intentions, will hurt a sensitive girl's feelings. Those of you who have read "The Diary of Mrs. Kitty Trevelyan," will remember how the little, country cousin felt when she saw Evelyn smile at the dresses which had been made with so much care. I once heard a lady speaking of her girlhood, when she made her first visit away from the farm where she had always lived. She said, as she looked back upon it, she always wondered at the kindness of the friends who received her cordially, and took her about with them

cheerfully, when her dress was such as to make her laugh heartily at the mere recollection of it.

Before your guest comes, tell your young friends of her expected visit, and ask them to come and see her, and if you invite company to meet her, do it as soon as convenient after she comes, that she may not feel that she is among strangers during the most of her visit. Western people coming East often think they do not receive a very cordial reception, because they meet so few people. A lady remarked to me quite recently, that she did not know whether the friends she had been visiting were ashamed of her appearance, or of the appearance of their own neighbors. She concluded it must have been one or the other, as no pains had been taken to have them meet each other.

Do not ask visitors what you shall do to entertain them. That is your business, and you should not be so indolent as to shift it from your own shoulders to theirs. There may be many things which they would enjoy that they will hardly venture to suggest. Try and have a pleasant plan for every day. It will require thought and care on your part, but it is worth while. I do not mean that you must be constantly taking them to some great entertainment. This is only possible to a few of you. In the most quiet country village some little visit or excursion may be easily found, if it is nothing more than a game of croquet with some pleasant girls, or an interesting story read aloud. Do not make the mistake of thinking that because things are old and dull to you, they are so to every one else. To the city girl, who goes weary and worn-out from the dust and heat of brick walls and pavements, the pleasant stroll in the woods, which is too familiar to please you, may be a fresh delight. So to the one who has passed all her life among green fields, the sights and sounds of a city may be a great pleasure, even though it may not seem possible to those who are tired of them.

It is surprising how many things there are to see, in any locality, if one will only take the trouble to find them; and the hope of making a visit

pleasant to a friend is a good incentive to help one in the search.

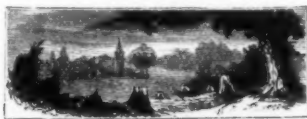
If you cannot give your young visitor any elaborate and expensive pleasures, do not be discouraged. The sight of a brilliant sunset from some neighboring hill; a walk down Broadway; the inside of a great factory where the throbbing looms are full of interest to stranger eyes;—if you have no more wonderful sights than these to show, these are enough.

"Who does the best his circumstance allows,
Does well, acts nobly. Angels can no more."

Do not think it necessary to insist upon riding with your friends, if there is not room enough for you without crowding the others. I knew a lady who turned to her sister, who was visiting her, when but one seat in the carriage was left, and said: "Shall you stay at home, or I?" The guest replied that she was willing to give up, if necessary; whereupon the hostess handed her the baby and drove off, although she knew that her sister had particular reasons for wishing to go with the rest. This is almost too bad to tell of, even though it is true; but it exactly illustrates how selfishness in trifles may grow upon one unconsciously, until it becomes a controlling power. This fault has been rightly called "the tap-root of all other sins," and is the greatest difficulty we have to overcome in acquiring habits of uniform courtesy and consideration for others.

Do not urge your guests to extend their visits, after they have clearly explained to you that the time has come for them to go, and that it is inconvenient for them to stay longer. Let the subject drop, merely letting them know that you are sorry to part with them. Do not convey the impression that you think you can judge better than they can of their own affairs, by constantly teasing them to stay, and saying that you are sure they could do so if they pleased;

"For still we hold old Homer's rule the best,
Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest."



WHY PATTY SPOKE IN CHURCH.

BY JOEL STACY.



If the minister had asked any other question, it never would have happened.

If it had been on any other day than that one particular day, it never would have happened.

If any other boy in the whole wide universe excepting Robby had been with Patty, it never would have happened.

Above all, if it had been two strangers standing before the altar instead of Sister Susie and Willy Norris, it never could have happened.

But it *did* happen, and that is all I know about it.

"If any one here present," said the minister, looking kindly upon the sweet bride with the brave young man beside her, and then glancing calmly over the little churchful of wedding-guests, "knows of any reason why this man and this woman should not be joined together in the holy bonds of matrimony, let him speak now, or——"

"What 's all that?" whispered Robby, in great

scorn, to Patty. "I guess he does n't know. There aint any bounds of materony about it."

That was enough. Robby was her oracle. Up jumped Patty, anxious to set things right, and determined that the wedding should go on, now that Sister Susie had on her white dress and orange-flowers and everything.

"I do!" she called out in a sweet, resolute voice,

and holding up a warning finger. "I do. Please wait, sir! There aint any materony about it at all. They came on purpose to be married!"

"O' course they did!" muttered Robby.

Everybody stared at Patty. It was a dreadful moment, but the wedding went on, all the same.

And Patty and Robby were the very first to kiss the bride.

HEARING WITHOUT EARS.

BY "AUNT FANNY."

I HOPE, dear children, that you will read all the first part of this short article, even if it *does* seem like a lesson, because then you will understand the wonderful machinery of your ears, and enjoy all the more the strange account which follows.

There is no such thing as sound *outside* of the ear. That which we call sound is carried in a series of waves to the ear, *inside* of which is a wonderful mechanism, which makes us hear. On the next page is a plan of your ear, to show you how sound works. The outside ear is A, from which the pipe B leads inward. The outside is like a speaking-trumpet, or the open part of wind instruments, and gathers in the sound-waves, turning them into the pipe B. This pipe is little more than an inch long, and is stopped by a skin, C, tightly drawn across it, like the skin of a drum. Behind this skin is the drum D, which is filled with air, without which the outer air would press painfully on the drum. This little drum is closed by another skin, G. Beyond this is a third chamber of the ear, H, which has in it curious little canals and a winding passage like a snail shell. In this chamber, which is filled with a watery fluid, floats the hearing nerve, called the *acoustic* nerve. It is made up of a little bundle of fine cords, which are gathered into one nerve, I, which leads into the brain, and then your brain tells you what you hear.

When the waves of sound are collected by the outer ear, they pass through B and strike upon C, the skin of the drum, D, much as a drum-stick strikes on a drum. The tight little skin vibrates with the same motion as that of the sound-waves. This is carried through the little drum to the bundle of nerves, which sends information to the brain.

And now we come to the strange account. Aunt Fanny was invited, with some very excellent and humane people, to witness the wonderful scene of

a number of deaf persons from the Deaf and Dumb Institute, who were made to hear through their *teeth*! They all had been deaf,—some from birth and some from infancy. There were four pretty, pleasant-looking girls, and six or eight bright boys. One of the boys had lost both arms, but the poor fellow had been taught the sign-language by his loving, patient teacher, and could show that he understood it by waving and lifting his poor stumps of arms.

As soon as we all were seated, a fine-looking gentleman got up and said:

"I have been deaf for twenty years. I have tried all manner of speaking-trumpets, which did me very little good, and I had made up my mind that, for the rest of my life, I must never hear my children's voices, never listen to the sound of sweet music, but just lead a sad, silent life. One day, I was talking to a friend with my watch in my hand, and carelessly placed it against my teeth. To my astonishment, I plainly heard the ticking of the watch, though it was utterly silent when placed at my ear. I began to make experiments. I held a piece of bent metal to my teeth. I tried a tuning-fork. I remembered that Beethoven, the great composer, who became very deaf, held a metallic rod between his teeth, the other end resting on the sounding-board of his piano, and by this means he was able to hear the perfect music which his brain had produced. I tested various ways of hearing through the teeth, and now, after many trials, I have perfected this," and he held up what looked exactly like a fan. "This," he continued, "is the audiphone. It is made of flexible, polished, carbonized rubber. Fine silk cords, attached to the upper edge, bend it over, and are fastened by a wedge in the handle. The tension is adjusted to suit the sound, as an opera-glass is adjusted to suit

distance. The top edge of the fan rests upon the upper teeth, and the sound-waves strike its surface; the vibrations are conveyed by the teeth and the

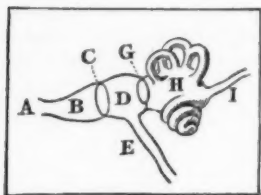


DIAGRAM OF THE INNER EAR.

bones of the face to the acoustic nerve communicating with the brain." It was almost impossible to believe, but the gentleman called up one of the deaf mutes, and, standing just in front of him, gave a tremendous shout, which made us all fairly bounce on our chairs, but the boy did not start, or move so much as an eyelash, which showed very plainly that he had heard nothing. Then Mr. Rhodes, for this is the name of the inventor of the audiphone, arranged the tension, and placed one in the boy's hand, adjusting it to his teeth in this way. "A, B, C," said Mr. Rhodes, in an ordinary tone. At the sound, the boy started, his face flushed, and he raised his hand with a quick surprised motion. *He heard for the first time in his life!* He did not know what the sounds meant, because to a deaf person English speech might as well be Greek:—a deaf person's mind is a perfect blank as to the meanings of sound, though he may be able to talk fast enough on his fingers. Then Mr. Rhodes went behind the boy and said: "A, B, C," a little louder, and his teacher made the signs of the letters, at the same time,—the boy gave a skip of delight, making the letters also. Wonder of wonders! he heard, and knew the sound of three letters!

Then a lady played on the piano, and the boy heard music for the first time! His hand moved up and down with a rhythmic motion, as if keeping time to pleasant sounds, for it was only that as yet to him,—he did not know it was called music.

Then another boy was called, and the same experiments were tried, the first boy looking eagerly on, and talking as fast as his fingers would go, to the rest of the class. The second boy said in the sign language, that he could hear "very loud sounds." Mr. Rhodes shouted at him enough to nearly crack his skull, but he showed no sign of hearing, so his "very loud" must have been like a broadside of cannons.

But with the audiphone to his teeth, he heard everything. All the boys were tried in turn, with nearly the same success, even to the poor fellow without arms. The audiphone was held to his teeth, and such a flood of happiness came over his face, and poured out of his eyes, that my own eyes were blinded with tears. The rich tones of a parlor organ, which a gentleman present played upon, seemed almost to translate him from earth to heaven. It was not music to him; it was a sweet melodious sound, the revelation of a sense which gave him a new and intense happiness.

And now one of the girls, a pale, pretty little thing, was called to the table. The audiphone was placed to her teeth, and Mr. Rhodes made a sound. I hope you understand, that it was of no use for him to ask a question, because a deaf person has to begin like a baby to understand the meaning of sound; the deaf must be educated as to what an articulate sound is to tell them. It would be with them exactly like teaching a baby to talk.

When the girl heard the sound, what a study her face became! Waves of rosy color passed over her cheeks, her eyes were uplifted, her hand was raised, the forefinger pointing to heaven. She was asked in sign language to try to make an audible sound herself. Her face changed, her throat swelled with a great effort, and presently there issued from her mouth a dismal and prolonged groan. But she heard herself, and she continued the doleful sound, in her joy in her newly discovered sense, until the audiphone was taken away. She was not aware how unpleasant the sound was to others,—she was so absorbed in the great wonder of hearing herself.

All the girls were experimented upon,—first with the human voice, then with music, and all heard. How they watched each other! How their fingers talked back and forth! How eagerly they pointed to ears and lips, nodding and smiling at each other, rejoicing in this new-found happiness!

But now, Mr. Rhodes brought out a number of flat boxes, each holding an audiphone. He took them out, and gave one to each of the deaf mutes. Then a lady present sang an echo song, very



AUDIPHONE READY FOR USE.



AUDIPHONE. FRONT VIEW.



METHOD OF USING THE AUDIPHONE.

sweetly, with the accompaniment of the piano. What a sight it was,—as with audiphones at their teeth, the class listened to this mysterious sweetness, these harmonious sounds! The pale, young girl stood motionless, rapt, absorbed, with parted lips, and wide, uplifted eyes. A flood of light flowed over her face; her capacity to understand what such sound meant, seemed greater than that of the others; one almost would have thought that she was having a glimpse of heaven. As the sweet voice of the singer rose higher, higher, the young girl's hand and arm were raised to the utmost, the forefinger pointing upward; but with the soft echo of the song, the hand floated down with a gentle wavering motion, and moved softly to and fro, in perfect accord with the time. As the swelling tones were raised again, up went her hand, but her eyes never changed their uplifted, almost spiritual look, and her breath came quick and trembling. Oh, can any one measure the happiness that filled that child's soul, and so transformed that small, pale face? That view of the first ineffable joy of hearing is something never to be forgotten! The other children

were affected in different ways,—some waved their hands, some looked eagerly delighted; the maimed boy's eyes grew big and black, and a broad smile opened his mouth, as if he were laughing, but he made no audible sound.

After the song, Mr. Rhodes requested the company to sing "Nearer, my God, to Thee." We rose from our chairs, and the beautiful hymn was sung, with the full accompaniment of the organ. I cannot describe the delight of the deaf girls and boys, as the sweet, solemn strains struck upon the precious audiphones held close to their teeth. They waved their hands to and fro, their faces glowing; the young girl, as before, looking upward, raising her arm with pointing finger at the high notes, and lowering it gently at the low tones. Big tears stood in the eyes of many of the singers, and I for one shall never forget the scene.

Mr. Rhodes has sent an audiphone, as a gift, to the Princess of Wales, who is very deaf. These fans can be decorated and painted so as to be very beautiful, and a lady using one would never be supposed to be deaf, if she playfully placed her fan against her teeth when she was conversing.

THE HYLAS.

BY CELIA THAXTER.

In the crimson sunsets of the spring,
Children, have you heard the hylas pipe,
Ere with robin's note the meadows ring,
Ere the silver willow buds are ripe?

Long before the swallow dares appear,
When the April weather frees the brooks,
Sweet and high a liquid note you hear,
Sounding clear at eve from wooded nooks.

'T is the hylas. "What are hylas, pray?"
Do you ask me, little children sweet?
They are tree-toads, brown and green and gray,
Small and slender, dusky, light and fleet.

All the winter long they hide and sleep
In the dark earth's bosom, safe and fast;
When the sunshine finds them, up they leap,
Glad to feel that spring is come at last.

Glad and grateful, up the trees they climb,
Pour their cheerful music on the air,
Crying, "Here 's an end of snow and rime!
Beauty is beginning everywhere!"

Listen, children, for so sweet a cry,
Listen till you hear the hylas sing,
Ere the first star glitters in the sky,
In the crimson sunsets of the spring.





A STORY TO BE WRITTEN.

BY ———?

THIS picture would be still more interesting if we knew just what was the matter. Though the illustration is ready, the story is still to be told. Who will tell it? The best story received before March 1st shall be printed *with the picture* in the Young Contributors' Department. It must be neatly written on only one side of the paper, with the writer's name, age, and address, placed at the top of the first sheet; and the length must not exceed four hundred words. Now, boys and girls, let us hear from you!

MARY ELIZABETH.

(*Her True Temperance Story.*)

BY ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

MARY ELIZABETH was a little girl with a long name. She was poor, she was sick, she was ragged, she was dirty, she was cold, she was hungry, she was frightened. She had no home, she had no mother, she had no father, she had no sister, she had no grandmother, and no kitten. She had no supper, she had had no dinner, she had had no breakfast. She had no shoes, she had no hood, she had no mittens, she had no flannels. She had no place to go to, and nobody to care whether she went or not. In fact, Mary Elizabeth

had not much of anything but a short pink calico dress, a little red cotton-and-wool shawl, and her long name. Besides this, she had a pair of old rubbers, too large for her. They flopped on the pavement as she walked.

She was walking up Washington street in Boston. It was late in the afternoon of a bitter January day. Already the lamp-lighters were coming with their long poles, and gas-lights began to flash upon the grayness—neither day nor night—through which the child watched the people mov-

ing dimly, with a wonder in her heart. This wonder was as confused as the half-light in which the crowd hurried by.

"God made so many people," thought Mary Elizabeth, "he must have made so many suppers. Seems as if there 'd ought to been one for one extra little girl."

But she thought this in a gentle way; very gently for a girl who had no shoes, no flannels, no hood, no home, no mother, no dinner, no bed, no supper. She was a very gentle little girl. All girls who had n't anything were not like Mary Elizabeth. She roomed with a girl out toward Charlestown who was different. That girl's name was Jo. They slept in a box that an Irish woman let them have in an old shed. The shed was too cold for her cow, and she could n't use it; so she told Jo and Mary Elizabeth that they might have it as well as not. Mary Elizabeth thought her very kind. There was this difference between Jo and Mary Elizabeth: when Jo was hungry, she stole; when Mary Elizabeth was hungry, she begged.

On the night of which I speak, she begged hard. It is very wrong to beg, we all know. It is wrong to give to beggars, we all know, too; we have been told so a great many times. Still, if I had been as hungry as Mary Elizabeth, I presume I should have begged, too. Whether I should have given her anything if I had been on Washington street that January night, how can I tell?

At any rate, nobody did. Some told her to go to the Orphans' Home. Some said: "Ask the police." Some people shook their heads, and more people did nothing at all. One lady told her to go to the St. Priscilla and Aquila Society, and Mary Elizabeth said: "Thank you, ma'am," politely. She had never heard of Aquila and Priscilla. She thought they must be policemen. Another lady bade her go to an Office and be Registered, and Mary Elizabeth said: "Ma'am?"

So now she was shuffling up Washington street, —I might say flopping up Washington street—in the old rubbers, and the pink dress and red shawl, not knowing exactly what to do next; peeping into people's faces, timidly looking away from them; hesitating; heart-sick;—for a very little girl can be very heart-sick—colder, she thought, every minute, and hungrier each hour than she was the hour before. Poor Mary Elizabeth!

Poor Mary Elizabeth left Washington street at last, where everybody had homes and suppers without one extra one to spare for a little girl, and turned into a short, bright, showy street, where stood a great hotel. Everybody in Boston knows, and a great many people out of Boston know, that hotel; in fact, they know it so well that I will not mention the name of it, because it was against the

rules of the house for beggars to be admitted, and perhaps the proprietor would not like it if I told how this one especial little beggar got into his well-conducted house. Indeed, precisely how she got in nobody knows. Whether the door-keeper was away, or busy, or sick, or careless, or whether the head-waiter at the dining-room door was so tall that he could n't see so short a beggar, or whether the clerk at the desk was so noisy that he could n't see so still a beggar, or however it was, Mary Elizabeth did get in,—by the door-keeper, past the head-waiter, under the shadow of the clerk,—over the smooth, slippery marble floor. The child crept on. She came to the office door, and stood still. She looked around her with wide eyes. She had never seen a place like that. Lights flashed over it, many and bright. Gentlemen sat in it smoking and reading. They were all warm. Not one of them looked as if he had had no dinner, and no breakfast, and no supper.

"How many extra suppers," thought the little girl, "it must ha' taken to feed 'em all." She pronounced it "extry." "How many extry suppers! I guess may be there 'll be one for me in here."

There was a little noise, a very little one, strange to the warm, bright, well-ordered room. It was not the rattling of the "Boston Advertiser," or the "Transcript," or the "Post"; it was not the slight rap-rapping of a cigar stump, as the ashes fell from some one's white hands; nobody coughed, and nobody swore. It was a different sound. It was the sound of an old rubber, much too large, flopping on the marble floor. Several gentlemen glanced at their own well-shod and well-brushed feet, then up and around the room.

Mary Elizabeth stood in the middle of it, in her pink calico dress and red-plaid shawl. The shawl was tied over her head, and about her neck with a ragged tippet. She looked very funny and round behind, like the wooden women in the Noah's Ark. Her bare feet showed in the old rubbers. She began to shuffle about the room, holding out one purple little hand.

One or two of the gentlemen laughed; some frowned; more did nothing at all; most did not notice, or did not seem to notice, the child. One said:

"What 's the matter, here?"

Mary Elizabeth flopped on. She went from one to another, less timidly; a kind of desperation had taken possession of her. The odors from the dining-room came in, of strong, hot coffee, and strange, roast meats. Mary Elizabeth thought of Jo. It seemed to her she was so hungry, that if she could not get a supper, she should jump up and run, and rush about, and snatch something,

and steal, like Jo. She held out her hand, but only said:

"I'm hungry!"

A gentleman called her. He was the gentleman who had asked, "What's the matter, here?" He called her in behind his "New York Times," which was big enough to hide three of Mary Elizabeth, and when he saw that nobody was looking, he gave her a five-cent piece, in a hurry, as if he had done a sin, and quickly said:

"There, there, child! go, now, go!"

Then he began to read the "Times" quite hard and fast, and to look severe, as one does who never gives anything to beggars, as a matter of principle.

But nobody else gave anything to Mary Elizabeth. She shuffled from one to another, hopelessly. Every gentleman shook his head. One called for a waiter to put her out. This frightened her, and she stood still.

Over by a window, in a lonely corner of the great room, a young man was sitting, apart from the others. Mary Elizabeth had seen that young man when she first came in, but he had not seen her. He had not seen anything nor anybody. He sat with his elbows on the table, and his face buried in his arms. He was a well-dressed young man, with brown, curling hair. Mary Elizabeth wondered why he looked so miserable, and why he sat alone. She thought, perhaps, if he were not so happy as the other gentlemen, he would be more sorry for cold and hungry girls. She hesitated, then flopped along, and directly up to him.

One or two gentlemen laid down their papers, and watched this; they smiled and nodded at each other. The child did not see them, to wonder why. She went up, and put her hand upon the young man's arm.

He started. The brown, curly head lifted itself from the shelter of his arms; a young face looked sharply at the beggar-girl, a beautiful young face it might have been. It was haggard now, and dreadful to look at,—bloated, and badly marked with the unmistakable marks of a wicked week's debauch. He roughly said:

"What do you want?"

"I'm hungry," said Mary Elizabeth.

"I can't help that. Go away."

"I have not had anything to eat for a whole day—a whole day!" repeated the child.

Her lip quivered. But she spoke distinctly. Her voice sounded through the room. One gentleman after another had laid down his paper or his pipe. Several were watching this little scene.

"Go away!" repeated the young man, irritably. "Don't bother me. I have not had anything to eat for three days!"

His face went down into his arms again. Mary Elizabeth stood staring at the brown, curling hair. She stood perfectly still for some moments. She evidently was greatly puzzled. She walked away a little distance, then stopped, and thought it over.

And now, paper after paper, and pipe after cigar went down. Every gentleman in the room began to look on. The young man, with the beautiful brown curls, and dissipated, disgraced, and hidden face, was not stiller than the rest. The little figure in the pink calico, and the red shawl, and big rubbers stood for a moment silent among them all. The waiter came to take her out, but the gentlemen motioned him away.

Mary Elizabeth turned her five-cent piece over and over slowly in her purple hand. Her hand shook. The tears came. The smell of the dinner from the dining-room grew savory and strong. The child put the piece of money to her lips as if she could have eaten it, then turned, and, without further hesitation, went back. She touched the young man—on the bright curls, this time—with her trembling little hand.

The room was so still now, that what she said rang out to the corridor, where the waiters stood, with the clerk behind looking over the desk to see.

"I'm sorry you are so hungry. If you have not had anything for three days, you must be hungrier than me. I've got five cents. A gentleman gave it to me. I wish you would take it. I've only gone one day. You can get some supper with it, and—maybe—I—can get some, somewheres! I wish you'd please to take it!"

Mary Elizabeth stood quite still, holding out her five-cent piece. She did not understand the sound and the stir that went all over the bright room. She did not see that some of the gentlemen coughed and wiped their spectacles. She did not know why the brown curls before her came up with such a start, nor why the young man's wasted face flushed red and hot with noble shame.

She did not in the least understand why he flung the five-cent piece upon the table, and snatching her in his arms held her fast, and hid his face on her plaid shawl and sobbed. Nor did she know what could be the reason that nobody seemed amused to see this gentleman cry; but that the gentleman who had given her the money came up, and some more came up, and they gathered round, and she in the midst of them, and they all spoke kindly, and the young man with the bad face that might have been so beautiful, stood up, still clinging to her, and said aloud:

"She's shamed me before you all, and she's shamed me to myself! I'll learn a lesson from this beggar, so help me God!"

So then, he took the child upon his knee, and the gentlemen came up to listen, and the young man asked her what was her name.

"Mary Elizabeth, sir."

"Names used to mean things—in the Bible—when I was as little as you. I read the Bible then. Does Mary Elizabeth mean Angel of Rebuke?"

"Sir?"

"Where do you live, Mary Elizabeth?"

"Nowhere, sir."

"Where do you sleep?"

"In Mrs. O'Flynn's shed, sir. It's too cold for the cows. She's so kind, she lets us stay."

"Whom do you stay with?"

"Nobody, only Jo."

"Is Jo your brother?"

"No, sir. Jo is a girl. I have n't got only Jo."

"What does Jo do for a living?"

"She—gets it, sir."

"And what do you do?"

"I beg. It's better than to—get it, sir, I think."

"Where's your mother?"

"Dead."

"What did she die of?"

"Drink, sir," said Mary Elizabeth, in her distinct and gentle tone.

"Ah,—well. And your father?"

"He is dead. He died in prison."

"What sent him to prison?"

"Drink, sir."

"Oh!"

"I had a brother once," continued Mary Elizabeth, who grew quite eloquent with so large an audience, "but he died, too."

"What did he die of?"

"Drink, sir," said the child, cheerfully. "I do want my supper," she added, after a pause, speaking in a whisper, as if to Jo or to herself, "and Jo'll be wondering for me."

"Wait, then," said the young man; "I'll see if I can't beg enough to get you your supper."

"I thought there must be an extry one among so many folks!" cried Mary Elizabeth; for now, she thought, she should get back her five cents.

Sure enough; the young man put the five cents into his hat, to begin with. Then he took out his purse, and put in something that made less noise than the five-cent piece, and something more, and more, and more. Then he passed around the great room, walking still unsteadily, and the gentleman who gave the five cents and all the gentlemen put something into the young man's hat.

So when he came back to the table, he emptied

the hat and counted the money, and truly, it was forty dollars.

"Forty dollars!"

Mary Elizabeth looked frightened. She did not understand.

"It's yours," said the young man. "Now, come to supper. But see! this gentleman who gave you the five-cent piece shall take care of the money for you. You can trust him. He's got a wife, too. But we'll come to supper, now."

"Yes, yes," said the gentleman, coming up. "She knows all about every orphan in this city, I believe. She'll know what ought to be done with you. She'll take care of you."

"But Jo will wonder," said Mary Elizabeth, loyally. "I can't leave Jo. And I must go back and thank Mrs. O'Flynn for the shed."

"Oh, yes, yes; we'll fix all that," said the gentleman, "and Jo, too. A little girl with forty dollars need n't sleep in a cow-shed. But don't you want your supper?"

"Why, yes," said Mary Elizabeth; "I do."

So the young man took her by the hand, and the gentleman whose wife knew all about what to do with orphans took her by the other hand, and one or two more gentlemen followed, and they all went out into the dining-room, and put Mary Elizabeth in a chair at a marble table, and asked her what she wanted for her supper.

Mary Elizabeth said that a little dry toast and a cup of milk would do nicely. So all the gentlemen laughed. And she wondered why.

And the young man with the brown curls laughed, too, and began to look quite happy. But he ordered chicken, and cranberry sauce, and mashed potatoes, and celery, and rolls, and butter, and tomatoes, and an ice cream, and a cup of tea, and nuts, and raisins, and cake, and custard, and apples, and grapes, and Mary Elizabeth sat in her pink dress and red shawl, and ate the whole; and why it did n't kill her nobody knows; but it did n't.

The young man with the face that might have been beautiful,—that might yet be, one would have thought, who had seen him then,—stood watching the little girl.

"She's preached me a better sermon," he said, below his breath; "better than all the ministers I ever heard in all the churches. May God bless her! I wish there were a thousand like her in this selfish world!"

And when I heard about it, I wished so, too.

And this is the end of Mary Elizabeth's true Temperance Story.

SNOW-SPORTS FOR GIRLS AND BOYS.

BY SAMUEL VAN BRUNT.

SNOW battles are all very fine for hearty boys, but there are girls who would like to have some fun with the beautiful white snow, and there are boys who do not care for the rough-and-tumble work of taking or defending a snow fort. So some directions are here given for building a snow-house, in which

the surfaces tolerably even, and then the whole shaved down with a spade, outside and inside. The roof is made of boards or planks covered with snow. A barrel, placed in a hole in the roof, and then surrounded by packed snow and properly shaped, will make a very good chimney.

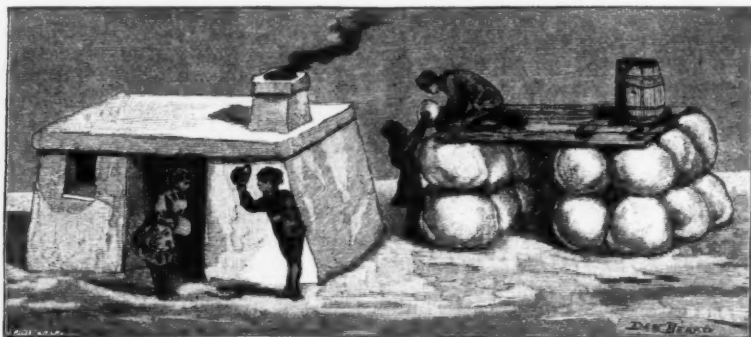


FIG. 1. THE SNOW-HOUSE,—FINISHED AND IN COURSE OF CONSTRUCTION.

the young builders can make themselves very comfortable, and for making some statuary with which it will be pleasant to ornament the grounds about the building. The pictures of the house show so well how it is constructed, and how it looks when it is done, that very little explanation is necessary.

A pane of glass can be set in the square hole made for a window; a heavy piece of carpet can be hung from the ceiling over the doorway, so as to act as a curtain—or, if the young work-people choose to take trouble enough, they can put up a frame-work inside of the doorway and hang a wooden door to

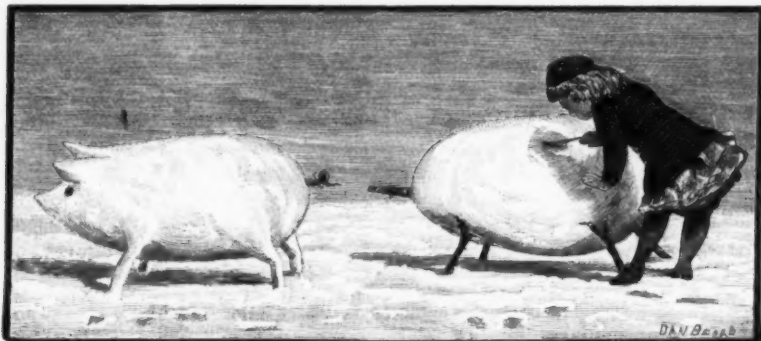


FIG. 2. MAKING SNOW-PIGS.

The walls are made of large snow-balls, properly placed, with snow packed between them to make

it. Then with an old stove, or even a fire-place made in the wall under the chimney, a house may

be had which will be quite snug and comfortable, until it begins to melt.

The statuary may be of various kinds. It is very



FIG. 3. MAKING THE SNOW-FRENCHMAN.

seldom that pigs are sculptured in marble, or cast in bronze, and it would be well to make some of snow, so as to have statues not likely to be found elsewhere. An oblong mass of snow forms the body; the legs, nose and ears are made of sticks surrounded by snow, and a bit of rope nicely curled will make a very good tail. The various parts can be shaped and carved according to the skill of the young artist. A number of pigs, of different sizes, will give a lively and social air to the yard of a snow-house.

A statue of a Frenchman in an ulster is also

the arms are made of smaller balls, stuck on two sticks which are inserted in the body at proper angles. When the whole figure has been "blocked out," as the artists say, it must be carved, with broad wooden knives, or shingles, into the proper shape, as shown in Figure 4. The mustache should be made on a slight stick, which may be



FIG. 4. THE FRENCHMAN COMPLETE.

fastened to the face by pegs, and then covered with snow.

Arctic owls, which are very large and white, can also be made of snow, in the manner shown in the picture below. These figures can be placed on snow pedestals, if they are small, but if they are monster owls, like those in the illustration, it would



FIG. 5. SNOW-OWLS.

rather uncommon, and is not hard to make. The foundation of the body, head and legs, consists of several large snow-balls, as seen in Figure 3, and

be better to have them stand upon the ground. In either position, if they are fashioned properly, they will look very wise and respectable.

THE RAVEN UNCLE.

(Translated from the German of Victor Blüthgen.)

THE WEDDING PROCESSION.

IN a mighty mountain reigned a dwarf king who was very desirous of getting married. He had his barber come and cut off his long beard, so that he would look younger and handsomer. He put on his best doublet, embroidered with gold and silver, and dotted with precious stones, donned his bat-skin cap, and told his stable-master to saddle a mouse for him. Then he called his Prime Minister, and charged him with the government, enjoining it upon him to be very careful to collect all the taxes; after which he mounted, raised his cap in token of good-bye, gave his charger the spur, and galloped off in search of a bride.

He traveled through the underground passages of his kingdom, and, whenever he came to a place where dwarfs lived, he stopped; but he could find no maiden to suit him. One had a faulty nose; another's mouth was not right; a third had eyes that were too pale; the fourth was too timid;

the fifth was too fat; the sixth was ill-tempered; the seventh chattered like a magpie; the eighth would n't talk at all; and so he found in each one some defect.

At last, somewhat discouraged by his failure, he rode into the valley; it was night, and the moon shone. As he drew nigh to a meadow, he saw a little, dwarf maiden dancing in the moonlight, while two old crickets sat near, and made music. She danced beautifully, right and left; her white dress glimmered, and her long hair floated on the breeze. As he softly dismounted, and crept near, he saw that she was the most beautiful maiden he had ever laid eyes on. Then was his heart glad, and he stepped up to her. But hardly had she seen him, when she cried out, and immediately a raven flew down from the top of an old fir-tree. The maiden seated herself on the raven's back, and he bore her through the air far away behind

some tall black pine-trees, till she was no longer to be seen.

"Ah, for mercy's sake, who was that?" asked the king, addressing himself to the crickets.

"We know not," said they. "She always comes in the moonshine and dances, and we make music for her, because she is as dainty as an elf child."

Thereupon, the crickets hopped away.

The next night, the dwarf king rode again to the meadow, and waited for the maiden; but she did not come. Only the raven sat again on the fir-tree, and when he saw the king he cried, "Caw!" and flew away.

After his majesty had waited in vain a couple of nights, he fell sick for grief. He lay all the time in bed, drank little, ate hardly anything, gave no attention to the affairs of his kingdom, and allowed no one but his old chamberlain to come into his presence. Through him, the Prime Minister learned that the king was continually speaking in his sleep of a dwarf maiden; but they did not know which one he meant, and so they could not help him. Consequently, the whole land was in great anxiety, and the dwarf ladies began to sew on mourning handkerchiefs and black dresses.

"Stop," said the Prime Minister one day to his colleague; "I know where we are likely to get help; we must ask the tree-toad."

The tree-toad was court-prophet, and sat in a jar of water on a ladder.

"We want advice from the Oracle in behalf of our king," said the Prime Minister.

"Immediately," answered the tree-toad; and, going up to the top of his ladder, he stared awhile into vacancy, and then prophesied thus:

"The one who sings the best,
The one who springs the best,
The one the stork would wedded see,
She the young king's bride shall be."

"Look you," said the minister, "that is it; for if we find her, the king will get well again, but, should he die, there would be no bride."

The dwarf maiden, who was the cause of the king's sickness, lived with her uncle, whom she called "raven uncle"; for he had tamed the raven which had carried her away from the king. He also owned a cave, which one could not reach except by flying, because it was very high up on a slippery steep rock, on which grew neither bush nor flower.

The maiden sat there one day, and looked over the fir-trees down on the meadow, where she did not dare to dance any more. All at once, she saw the dwarf king's herald come riding along. He blew his trumpet, and cried with a clear voice:

"The one that sings the best,
The one that springs the best,
The one the stork would wedded see,
She the young king's bride shall be."

Then he continued:

"The day after to-morrow, when the moon shines, the first trial will be made here in the meadow." After which he blew his trumpet and rode away.

"I am going to be the king's bride," said the dwarf maiden; "it is so lonesome up here, and one can't even dance any more."

She went to her uncle, who was pounding ore in the cave, and said to him:

"Raven uncle, you must manage so that I shall be the king's bride."

"What do you mean? That you can become the sharer of the king's throne?"

"That I know nothing about, and do not need to know," replied the maiden.

"The one that sings the best,
The one that springs the best,
The one the stork would wedded see,
She the young king's bride shall be!"

"I just heard the herald say that, as I sat by the door, and the day after to-morrow the first trial is to take place in the meadow!"

"Well," said the raven uncle, "it is honorable to be a king's bride, and you will be well provided for; we will see what we can do."

The next day, he got a basket, took his seat on the raven's back, and rode down among the nut-trees; and when he had filled the basket full of nuts, he came back, poured them out, then went out for more, and kept adding to the pile till it filled the room. The next day, he went out and scattered the nuts along all the roads that led to the meadow.

And so, when the dwarf maidens came along on their way to the meadow to sing, they said: "It has rained nuts!" And they ate as many of them as they could, till each one's voice was as rough and coarse as a donkey's.

Then the singing commenced, while the king's music-master, who was to decide in the contest, stood near. The branches of the trees and bushes all around were full of little creatures—critics in music—who had come to listen: for instance, the crickets, the mosquitoes, the bumble-bees, the finches, and many other birds. Only the nightingale did not come; for she guessed how it would turn out, and said:

"There will be nothing but screeching."

Then the first lady began to sing; but her voice sounded like the creaking of rusty door-hinges.

"Gracious!" exclaimed a mosquito, laughing. "Who ever heard singing like that?"

Then the second lady began to sing; but her voice reminded one of the trial crow of a young rooster.

"Some wadding!" cried a finch, raising a claw, and holding it to her ear. "Some wadding! It pierces my nerves."

And so it went on; and when the last one was ready to sing, of all the assembled insects and birds there remained only an old beetle who could stand it, for he was deaf as a post. But the music-master was the worst off, since he must now announce which had sung the best, and he could only exclaim:

"They have all sung abominably, and I fear we must have another trial."

Just then, the raven flew down from behind the fir-trees, and on his back sat the little dwarf maiden. Dismounting, she said:

"I want to sing, too."

And she sang as sweetly as a blackbird twitters; so that the music-master smacked his lips with delight.

"Wonderful!" said he. "She is the true one, and I must find out who she is."

He asked her what her name was, and she replied:

"Raven uncle's little maid
From the high rock's cavern-shade."

This he wrote down, and the little lady courtesied before the others, seated herself on the raven, and was borne away.

The next night the second trial was to take place, when it was to be decided who could spring the best.

"Raven uncle," asked the maiden, "how shall I manage to spring better than the others?"

"You must lift your feet higher," said he.

But he spent the whole day in boiling tar; and in the evening he put it in a tub, and rode out with it. There was a narrow wooden bridge which led across the ditch surrounding the meadow; this bridge he covered with tar; and as the moon rose over the mountain, there came one dwarf maiden after another and crossed the bridge, stepping on the tar, and clogging the soles of their shoes with it.

They sprang and sprang; and there were spectators present at this show also; the frogs, the leaping beetles, and such other insect folk as find pleasure in springing. The king's dancing-master had a yard-stick in his hand, and carefully measured the height to which each one sprang.

"It is frightful!" said he. "How unlucky that the tar lay in the way! It will not pay to make notes of the performance, for they hardly get loose from the ground."

"Goodness, what fun!" said the leaping beetle,

and turned somersets for laughing. "They hop like young robins that have fallen out of the nest."

Our dwarf maiden found it very easy to spring; for the raven again carried her to the meadow, so that she did not have to step on the tar. Of course, she sprang highest, and when the dancing-master asked her name, she said again:

"Raven uncle's little maid
From the high rock's cavern-shade."

Then she made the most beautiful bow, and seating herself on the raven, disappeared.

"Raven uncle," asked she, the next day, "which one would the stork prefer to marry to the king?"

For the stork was the dwarf's minister, and his nest was near the cave on an old fir-tree.

"That, I do not know," was the answer.

Under the fir-tree came stealthily one maiden after another, and asked:

"Stork, whom would you prefer to marry to the king?"

"The one," said he, "that brings my children the best food."

And now the inquisitive maidens knew just as much as before; for they could not learn anything from the young storks, as these could not talk yet.

But our dwarf maiden had heard the stork's reply, and she told her uncle of it.

Thereupon, the uncle took a pail and rode down to the meadow; and when he came back he had frogs, snails, earth-worms, and tadpoles. Then, waiting till the old stork had flown away from the nest, he carried over what he had collected.

"Good day, children," he said to the young storks. "Here is something delicious for you."

He held out a snail, but they did not move; then a frog, and the first one opened his bill; then an earth-worm, and two snapped at it; but when he brought out a tadpole, they all snapped at it as quickly as they could.

At that, he rode away, emptied the pail, and caught as many tadpoles as he could find.

In the evening, all the dwarf maidens assembled under the stork's nest, and the Prime Minister was their leader. Only two or three had brought any food for the young storks, and this consisted entirely of tasteless worms, or frogs.

"Stork," asked the minister, "whom would you prefer to marry to the king?"

And the stork replied:

"The one that brings me tadpoles."

Then the maidens were all in confusion, for no one knew what tadpoles were.

Thereupon, there was a rustling in the air, and the maiden, on the raven's back, came down with a pail full of tadpoles, and said:

"Here they are, and I am the king's bride."

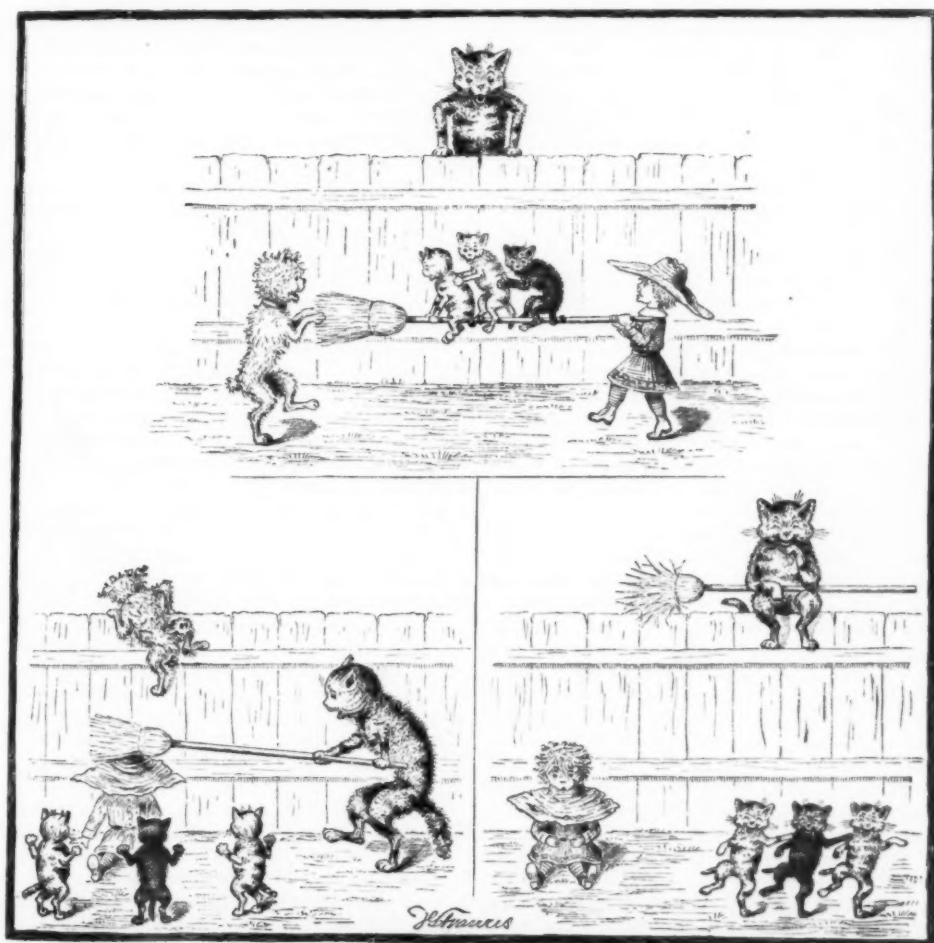
"Blow your trumpets!" cried the Minister;
"the queen is found, and I am her first subject."

Then he knelt, and kissed her hand; and immediately a messenger was ordered off to tell the king of the good news. No sooner had the latter heard of the maiden's riding on the raven, than he sprang up, hastened to the meadow, and kissed the dwarf maiden as his bride.

Eight days afterward, their wedding was celebrated in grand style at the meadow.

The dwarfs had brought costly presents of jewelry, and the king's own cook, who had baked the most delicious wedding-cake that ever was tasted, was permitted to have it borne in state behind the king and queen in the procession.

But over and behind the newly married pair came raven uncle on his raven. He officiated as bride's godfather. And thus they went by torch-light back to the castle, where they all lived happily until they died.



A PICTURE WITH A MORAL FOR BOYS AND DOGS.

EDITHA'S BURGLAR.

BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.



WILL begin by saying that Editha was always rather a queer little girl, and not much like other children. She was not a strong, healthy little girl, and had never been able to run about and play; and, as she had no sisters or brothers, or companions of her own size, she was rather old-fashioned, as her aunts used to call it. She had always been very fond of books, and had learned to read when she was such a tiny child, that I should almost be afraid to say how tiny she was when she read her first volume through. Her papa wrote books himself, and was also the editor of a newspaper; and, as he had a large library, Editha perhaps read more than was quite good

for her. She lived in London; and, as her mamma was very young and pretty, and went out a great deal, and her papa was so busy, and her governess only came in the morning, she was left to herself a good many hours in the day, and when she was left to herself, she spent the greater part of her time in the library reading her papa's big books, and even his newspapers.

She was very fond of the newspapers, because she found so many curious things in them,—stories, for instance, of strange events which happened every day in the great city of London, and yet never seemed to happen anywhere near where she lived. Through the newspapers, she found that there were actually men who lived by breaking into people's houses and stealing all the nice things they could carry away, and she read that such men were called burglars. When she first began to read about burglars, she was very much troubled. In the first place, she felt rather timid about going to bed at night, and, in the second place, she felt rather sorry for the burglars.

"I suppose no one ever taught them any better," she thought.

In fact, she thought so much about the matter, that she could not help asking her papa some questions one morning when he was at breakfast. He

was reading his paper and eating his chops both at once when she spoke to him.

"Papa," she said, in a solemn little voice, and looking at him in a very solemn manner, "papa dear, what do you think of burglars—as a class?" (She said "as a class," because she had heard one of her papa's friends say it, and as he was a gentleman she admired very much, she liked to talk as he did.) Her papa gave a little jump in his chair, as if she had startled him, and then he pushed his hair off his forehead and stared at her.

"Burglars! As a class!" he said, and then he stared at her a minute again in rather a puzzled way. "Bless my soul!" he said. "As a class, Nixie!" (that was his queer pet name for her.) "Nixie, where is your mother?"

"She is in bed, papa dear, and we must n't disturb her," said Editha. "The party last night tired her out. I peeped into her room softly as I came down. She looks so pretty when she is asleep. What *do* you think of burglars, papa?"

"I think they're a bad lot, Nixie," said her papa, "a bad lot."

"Are there no good burglars, papa?"

"Well, Nixie," answered papa, "I should say not. As a rule you know,—” and here he began to smile, as people often smiled at Editha when she asked questions.—“As a rule, burglars are not distinguished for moral perspicuity and blameless character.”

But Editha did not understand what moral perspicuity meant, and besides she was thinking again.

"Miss Lane was talking to me the other day, about some poor children who had never been taught anything; they had never had any French or music lessons, and scarcely knew how to read, and she said they had never had any advantages. Perhaps that is the way with the burglars, papa,—perhaps they have never had any advantages,—perhaps if they had had advantages they might n't have been burglars."

"Lessons in French and music are very elevating to the mind, my dear Nixie," papa began in his laughing way, which was always a trial to Editha, but suddenly he stopped, and looked at her rather sadly.

"How old are you, Nixie?" he asked.

"I am seven," answered Editha, "seven years, going on eight."

Papa sighed.

"Come here, little one," he said, holding out his strong white hand to her.

She left her chair and went to him, and he put his arms around her, and kissed her, and stroked her long brown hair.

"Don't puzzle your little brain too much," he said, "never mind about the burglars, Nixie."

"Well," said Editha, "I can't help thinking about them a little, and it seems to me that there must be, perhaps, one good burglar among all the bad ones, and I can't help being rather sorry, even for the bad ones. You see, they must have to be up all night, and out in the rain sometimes, and they can't help not having had advantages."

It was strange that the first thing she heard, when she went up to her mamma's room, was something about burglars.

She was very very fond of her mamma, and very proud of her. She even tried to take care of her in her small way; she never disturbed her when she was asleep, and she always helped her to dress, bringing her things to her, buttoning her little shoes and gloves, putting the perfume on her handkerchiefs, and holding her wraps until she wanted them.

This morning, when she went into the dressing-room, she found the chamber-maid there before her, and her dear little mamma looking very pale.

"Ah, mem! if you please, mem!" the chamber-maid was saying, "what a blessing it was they did n't come here!"

"Who, Janet?" Editha asked.

"The burglars, Miss, that broke into Number Eighteen last night, and carried off all the silver, and the missus's jewelry."

"If burglars ever do break in here," said mamma, "I hope none of us will hear them, though it would almost break my heart to have my things taken. If I should waken in the night, and find a burglar in my room, I think it would kill me, and I know I should scream, and then there is no knowing what they might do. If ever you think there is a burglar in the house, Nixie, whatever you do, don't scream or make any noise. It would be better to have one's things stolen, than to be killed by burglars for screaming."

She was not a very wise little mamma, and often said rather thoughtless things; but she was very gentle and loving, and Editha was so fond of her that she put her arms round her waist and said to her:

"Mamma, dearest, I will never let any burglars hurt you or frighten you if I can help it. I do believe I could persuade them not to. I should think even a burglar would listen to reason."

That made her mamma laugh, so that she forgot all about the burglars and began to get her color

again, and it was not long before she was quite gay, and was singing a song she had heard at the opera, while Editha was helping her to dress.

But that very night Editha met a burglar.

Just before dinner, her papa came up from the city in a great hurry. He dashed up to the front door in a cab, and, jumping out, ran upstairs to mamma, who was sitting in the drawing-room, while Editha read aloud to her.

"Kitty, my dear," he said, "I am obliged to go to Glasgow by the 'five' train. I must throw a few things into a portmanteau and go at once."

"Oh, Francis!" said mamma. "And just after that burglary at the Norris's! I don't like to be left alone."

"The servants are here," said papa, "and Nixie will take care of you; wont you, Nixie? Nixie is interested in burglars."

"I am sure Nixie could do more than the servants," said mamma. "All three of them sleep in one room at the top of the house when you are away, and even if they awakened they would only scream."

"Nixie would n't scream," said papa, laughing; "Nixie would do something heroic. I will leave you in her hands."

He was only joking, but Editha did not think of what he said as a joke; she felt that her mamma was really left in her care, and that it was a very serious matter.

She thought about it so seriously that she hardly talked at all at dinner, and was so quiet afterward that her mamma said, "Dear me, Nixie, what are you thinking of? You look as solemn as a little owl."

"I am thinking of you, mamma," the child answered.

And then her mamma laughed and kissed her, and said: "Well, I must say I don't see why you should look so grave about me. I did n't think I was such a solemn subject."

At last bed-time came, and the little girl went to her mother's room, because she was to sleep there.

"I am glad I have you with me, Nixie," said mamma, with a rather nervous little laugh. "I am sure I should n't like to sleep in this big room alone."

But, after she was in bed, she soon fell asleep, and lay looking so happy and sweet and comfortable that Editha thought it was lovely to see her.

Editha did not go to sleep for a long time. She thought of her papa trying to sleep on the train, rushing through the dark night on its way to Scotland; she thought of a new book she had just begun to read; she thought of a child she had once heard singing in the street: and when her eyes closed at length, her mind had just gone back

to the burglars at Number Eighteen. She slept until midnight, and then something awakened her. At first she did not know what it was, but in a few minutes she found that it was a queer little sound coming from down-stairs,—a sound like a stealthy filing of iron.

She understood in a moment then, because she had heard the chamber-maid say that the burglars broke into Number Eighteen by filing through the bars of the shutters.

"It is a burglar," she thought, "and he will awaken mamma."

If she had been older, and had known more of the habits of burglars, she might have been more frightened than she was. She did not think of herself at all, however, but of her mother.

She began to reason the matter over as quickly as possible, and she made up her mind that the burglar must not be allowed to make a noise.

"I'll go down and ask him to please be as quiet as he can," she said to herself, "and I'll tell him why."

Certainly, this was a queer thing to think of doing, but I told you when I began my story that she was a queer little girl.

She slipped out of bed so quietly that she scarcely stirred the clothes, and then slipped just as quietly out of the room and down the stairs.

The filing had ceased, but she heard a sound of stealthy feet in the kitchen; and, though it must be confessed her heart beat rather faster than usual, she made her way to the kitchen and opened the door.

Imagine the astonishment of that burglar when, on hearing the door open, he turned round and found himself looking at a slender little girl, in a white frilled night-gown, and with bare feet,—a little girl whose large brown eyes rested on him in a by no means unfriendly way.

"I'll be polite to him," Editha had said, as she was coming down-stairs. "I am sure he'll be more obliging if I am very polite. Miss Lane says politeness always wins its way."

So the first words she spoke were as polite as she could make them.

"Don't be frightened," she said, in a soft voice. "I don't want to hurt you; I came to ask a favor of you."

The burglar was so amazed that he actually forgot he was a burglar, and staggered back against the wall. I think he thought at first that Editha was a little ghost. "You see I could n't hurt you if I wanted to," she went on, wishing to encourage him. "I'm too little. I'm only seven,—and a little over,—and I'm not going to scream, because that would waken mamma, and that's just what I don't want to do."

That did encourage the burglar, but still he was so astonished that he did not know what to do.

"Well, I'm blown," he said in a whisper, "if this aint a rummy go!" which was extremely vulgar language; but, unfortunately, he was one of those burglars who, as Miss Lane said, "had not had any advantages," which is indeed the case with the majority of the burglars of my acquaintance.

Then he began to laugh,—in a whisper also, if one can be said to laugh in a whisper. He put his hand over his mouth, and made no noise, but he laughed so hard that he doubled up and rocked himself to and fro.

"The rummiest go!" he said, in his uneducated way. "An' she haint agoin' to 'urt me. Oh, my heye!"

He was evidently very badly educated, indeed, for he not only used singular words, but sounded his h's all in the wrong places. Editha noticed this, even in the midst of her surprise at his laughter. She could not understand what he was laughing at. Then it occurred to her that she might have made a mistake.

"If you please," she said, with great delicacy, "are you really a burglar?"

He stopped laughing just long enough to answer her.

"Lor' no, miss," he said, "by no manner o' means. I'm a dear friend o' yer Par's, come to make a evenin' call, an' not a wishin' to trouble the servants, I stepped in through the winder."

"Ah!" said Editha, looking very gravely at him; "I see you are joking with me, as papa does sometimes. But what I wanted to say to you was this: Papa has gone to Scotland, and all our servants are women, and mamma would be so frightened if you were to waken her, that I am sure it would make her ill. And if you are going to burgle, would you please burgle as quietly as you can, so that you wont disturb her?"

The burglar stopped laughing, and, staring at her, once more uttered his vulgar exclamation:

"Well, I'll be blown!"

"Why don't you say, 'I'll be blown?'" asked Editha. "I'm sure it is n't correct to say you'll be blown."

She thought he was going off into one of his unaccountable fits of laughter again, but he did not; he seemed to check himself with an effort.

"There haint no time to waste," she heard him mutter.

"No, I suppose there is n't," she answered. "Mamma might wake and miss me. What are you going to burgle first?"

"You'd better go upstairs to yer mar," he said, rather sulkily.

Editha thought deeply for a few seconds.

"You ought n't to burgle anything," she said. "Of course you know that, but if you have really made up your mind to do it, I would like to show you the things you 'd better take."

"What, fer instance?" said the burglar, with interest.

"You must n't take any of mamma's things," said Editha, "because they are all in her room, and you would waken her, and besides, she said it would break her heart; and don't take any of the things papa is fond of. I 'll tell you what," turning rather pale, "you can take my things."

staring hard at her brightening face, "I never see no sich a start afore."

"Shall I go upstairs and get the other things?" said Editha.

"No," he said. "You stay where you are—or stay, come along 'o' me inter the pantry, an' sit down while I 'm occypied."

He led the way into the pantry, and pushed her down on a step, and then began to open the drawers where the silver was kept.

"It 's curious that you should know just where to look for things, and that your key should fit, is n't it?" said Editha.



"DON'T BE FRIGHTENED," SHE SAID TO THE BURGLAR, "I DON'T WANT TO HURT YOU."

"Yes," he answered, "it 's werry sing'lar, indeed. There 's a good deal in bein' eddicated."

"Are you educated?" asked Editha, with a look of surprise.

"Did yer think I was n't?" said the burglar.

"Well," said Editha, not wishing to offend him, "you see, you pronounce your words so very strangely."

"It 's all a matter o' taste," interrupted the burglar. "Oxford an' Cambridge 'as different vocabillaries."

"Did you go to Oxford?" asked Editha, politely.

"No," said he, "nor yet to Cambridge."

"What kind o' things?" asked the burglar.

"My locket, and the little watch papa gave me, and the necklace and bracelets my grandmamma left me,—they are worth a great deal of money, and they are very pretty, and I was to wear them when I grew to be a young lady, but—but you can take them. And—then—" very slowly, and with a deep sigh, "there are—my books. I 'm very fond of them, but —"

"I don't want no books," said the burglar.

"Don't you?" exclaimed she. "Ah, thank you."

"Well," said the burglar, as if to himself, and

Then he laughed again, and seemed to be quite enjoying himself as he made some forks and spoons up into a bundle. "I 'ope there haint no plated stuff 'ere," he said. "Plate 's wulgar, an' I 'ope yer parents haint wulgar, cos that 'd be settin' yer a werry bad example an' sp'ilin' yer morals."

"I am sure papa and mamma are not vulgar," said Editha.

The burglar opened another drawer, and chuckled again, and this suggested to Editha's mind another question.

"Is your business a good one?" she suddenly inquired of him.

"'T aint as good as it ought to be, by no manner o' means," said the burglar. "Every one haint as hobblin' as you, my little dear."

"Oh!" said Editha. "You know you obliged me by not making a noise."

"Well," said the burglar, "as a rule, we don't make a practice o' makin' no more noise than we can help. It haint considered 'ealthy in the per-fession."

"Would you mind leaving us a few forks and spoons to eat with, if you please? I beg pardon for interrupting you, but I'm afraid we shall not have any to use at breakfast."

"Haint yer got no steel uns?" inquired the burglar.

"Mamma would n't like to use steel ones, I'm sure," Editha answered. "I'll tell you what you can do: please leave out enough for mamma, and I can use steel. I don't care about myself, much."

The man seemed to think a moment, and then he was really so accommodating as to do as she asked, and even went to the length of leaving out her own little fork and knife and spoon.

"Oh! you are very kind," said Editha, when she saw him do this.

"That 's a reward o' merit, cos yer did n't squeal," said the burglar.

He was so busy for the next few minutes that he did not speak, though now and then he broke into a low laugh, as if he was thinking of something very funny, indeed. During the silence, Editha sat holding her little feet in her night-gown, and watching him very curiously. A great many new thoughts came into her active brain, and at last she could not help asking some more questions.

"Would you really rather be a burglar than anything else?" she inquired, respectfully.

"Well," said the man, "p'r'aps I'd prefer to be Lord Mayor, or a member o' the 'Ouse o' Lords, or even the Prince o' Wales, honly for there bein' hobstacles in the way of it."

"Oh!" said Editha; "you could n't be the Prince of Wales, you know. I mean't would n't you rather be in some other profession? My papa is an editor," she added. "How would you like to be an editor?"

"Well," said the burglar, "hif yer par ud change with me, or hif he chanced to know hany heditor with a roarin' trade as ud be so hobblin' as to 'and it hover, hit 's wot I 've allers 'ad a leanin' to."

"I am sure papa would not like to be a burglar," said Editha, thoughtfully; "but perhaps he might speak to his friends about you, if you would give me your name and address, and if I were to tell him how obliging you were, and if I told him you really did n't like being a burglar."

The burglar put his hand to his pocket and gave a start of great surprise.

"To think o' me a forgettin' my card-case," he said, "an' a leavin' it on the pianner when I come hout. I'm sich a bloomin' forgetful cove. I might hev knowed I'd hev wanted it."

"It is a pity," said Editha; "but if you told me your name and your number, I think I could remember it."

"I'm afeared yer could n't," said the burglar, regretfully, "but I'll try yer. Lord Halgernon Hedward Halbert de Pentonville, Yde Park. Can you think o' that?"

"Are you a lord?" exclaimed Editha. "Dear me, how strange!"

"It is sing'lar," said the burglar, shaking his head. "I've hoften thought so myself. But not wishin' to detain a lady no longer than can be 'elped, s'pose we take a turn in the lib'ery among yer respected par's things."

"Don't make a noise," said Editha, as she led the way.

But when they reached the library her loving little heart failed her. All the things her father valued most were there, and he would be sure to be so sorry if one thing was missing when he returned. She stood on the threshold a moment and looked about her.

"Oh," she whispered, "please do me another favor, wont you? Please let me slip quietly upstairs and bring down my own things instead. They will be so easy to carry away, and they are very valuable, and—and I will make you a present of them if you will not touch anything that belongs to papa. He is so fond of his things and, besides that, he is so good."

The burglar gave a rather strange and disturbed look at her.

"Go an' get yer gimcracks," he said in a somewhat grumbling voice.

Her treasures were in her own room, and her

bare feet made no sound as she crept slowly up the staircase and then down again. But when she handed the little box to the burglar her eyes were wet.

"Papa gave me the watch, and mamma gave me the locket," she whispered, tremulously; "and the pearls were grandmamma's, and grandmamma is in heaven."

It would not be easy to know what the burglar thought; he looked queerer than ever. Perhaps he was not quite so bad as some burglars, and felt rather ashamed of taking her treasures from a little girl who loved other people so much better than she loved herself. But he did not touch any of papa's belongings, and, indeed, did not remain much longer. He grumbled a little when he looked into the drawing-room, saying something to himself about "folks never 'avin' no consideration for a cove, an' leavin' nothin' portable 'andy, a expectin' of him to carry off seventy-five pound bronze clocks an' marble stattoos;" but though Editha was sorry to see that he appeared annoyed, she did not understand him.

After that, he returned to the pantry and helped himself to some cold game pie, and seemed to enjoy it, and then poured out a tumbler of wine, which Editha thought a great deal to drink at once.

"Yer 'e'lth, my dear," he said, "an' 'appy returns, an' many on 'em. May yer grow up a hornymint to yer sect, an' a comfort to yer respected mar an' par."

And he threw his head very far back, and drank the very last drop in the glass, which was vulgar, to say the least of it.

Then he took up his bundles of silver and the other articles he had appropriated, and seeing that he was going away, Editha rose from the pantry step.

"Are you going out through the window?" she asked.

"Yes, my dear," he answered, with a chuckle, "it's a little 'abit I've got into. I prefers 'em to doors."

"Well, good-bye," she said, holding out her hand politely. "And thank you, my lord."

She felt it only respectful to say that, even if he had fallen into bad habits and become a burglar.

He shook hands with her in quite a friendly manner, and even made a bow.

"Yer welcome, my dear," he said. "An' I must hadd that if I ever see a queerer or better behaved little kid, may I be blowed—or, as yer told me it would be more correcter to say, I'll be blown."

Editha did not know he was joking; she

thought he was improving, and that if he had had advantages he might have been a very nice man.

It was astonishing how neatly he slipped through the window; he was gone in a second, and Editha found herself standing alone in the dark, as he had taken his lantern with him.

She groped her way out and up the stairs, and then, for the first time, she began to feel cold and rather weak and strange; it was more like being frightened than any feeling she had had while the burglar was in the house.

"Perhaps, if he had been a very bad burglar, he might have killed me," she said to herself, trembling a little. "I am very glad he did not kill me, for—for it would have hurt mamma so, and papa too, when he came back, and they told him."

Her mamma wakened in the morning with a bright smile.

"Nobody hurt us, Nixie," she said. "We are all right, are n't we?"

"Yes, mamma dear," said Editha.

She did not want to startle her just then, so she said nothing more, and she even said nothing all through the excitement that followed the discovery of the robbery, and indeed, said nothing until her papa came home, and then he wondered so at her pale face, and petted her so tenderly, and thought it so strange that nothing but her treasures had been taken from upstairs, that she could keep her secret no longer.

"Papa," she cried out all at once in a trembling voice, "I gave them to him myself."

"You, Nixie! You!" exclaimed her papa, looking alarmed. "Kitty, the fright has made the poor little thing ill."

"No, papa," said Editha, her hands shaking, and the tears rushing into her eyes, she did not know why. "I heard him, and—I knew mamma would be so frightened,—and it came into my mind to ask him—not to waken her,—and I crept down-stairs—and asked him;—and he was not at all unkind though he laughed. And I stayed with him, and—and told him I would give him all my things if he would not touch yours nor mamma's. He—he was n't such a bad burglar, papa,—and he told me he would rather be something more respectable."

And she hid her face on her papa's shoulder.

"Kitty!" papa cried out. "Oh, Kitty!"

Then her mamma flew to her and knelt down by her, kissing her, and crying aloud:

"Oh, Nixie! if he had hurt you,—if he had hurt you."

"He knew I was not going to scream, mamma,"

said Editha. "And he knew I was too little to hurt him. I told him so."

She scarcely understood why mamma cried so much more at this, and why even papa's eyes were wet as he held her close up to his breast.

"It is my fault, Francis," wept the poor little mamma. "I have left her too much to herself, and I have not been a wise mother. Oh, to think of her risking her dear little life just to save me from being frightened, and to think of her giving up the things she loves for our sakes. I will be a better mother to her, after this, and take care of her more."

But I am happy to say that the watch and locket and pearls were not altogether lost, and came back to their gentle little owner in time. About six months after, the burglar was caught, as burglars are apt to be, and, after being tried and sentenced to transportation to the penal settlements (which means that he was to be sent away to be a prisoner in a far country), a police officer came one day to see Editha's papa, and he actually came from that burglar, who was in jail and wanted to see Editha for a special reason. Editha's papa took her to see him, and the moment she entered his cell she knew him.

"How do you do, my lord?" she said, in a gentle tone.

"Not as lively as common, miss," he answered, "in consequence o' the confinement not bein' good for my 'e'lth."

"None of your chaff," said the police officer. "Say what you have to say."

And then, strange to say, the burglar brought forth from under his mattress a box, which he handed to the little girl.

"One o' my wisitors brought 'em in to me this

mornin'," he said. "I thought yer might as well hev 'em. I kep' 'em partly 'cos it was more convenient, an' partly 'cos I took a fancy to yer. I've seed a many curi's things, sir," he said to Editha's papa, "but never nothin' as bloomin' queer as that little kid a-comin' in an' tellin' me she wont 'urt me, nor yet wont scream, and please wont I burgle quietly so as to not disturb her mar. It brought my 'art in my mouth when first I see her, an' then, lor', how I larft. I almost made up my mind to give her things back to her afore I left, but I did n't quite do that—it was agin human natur'."

But they were in the box now, and Editha was so glad to see them that she could scarcely speak for a few seconds. Then she thanked the burglar politely.

"I am much obliged to you," she said, "and I'm really very sorry you are to be sent so far away. I am sure papa would have tried to help you if he could, though he says he is afraid you would not do for an editor."

The burglar closed one eye and made a very singular grimace at the police officer, who turned away suddenly and did not look round until Editha had bidden her acquaintance good-bye.

And even this was not quite all. A few weeks later, a box was left for Editha by a very shabby queer-looking man, who quickly disappeared as soon as he had given it to the servant at the door; and in this box was a very large old-fashioned silver watch, almost as big as a turnip, and inside the lid were scratched these words:

To the little Kid,
From 'er fr'end and wel wisher,
Lord halgernon hedward halbert
de pentonwill, ide park.



MASTER TREBORIUS.

BY W. M. BICKNELL.



THERE was a school-master, Treborius,
Who followed a principle glorious.

He made it a rule
When ent'ring his school
To his urchins to bow ;—
And well he knew how.

"For there may be some great men before us,"
Said respectful old Master Treborius,
Who followed a principle glorious.

SOME WONDERFUL AUTOMATA.

BY FANNIE ROPER FEUDGE.

THE first automaton I shall describe is a huge carbuncle, in form and appearance, just like an ordinary date such as any one would handle and attempt to eat without suspecting deception. It was owned and exhibited by a Hindoo ventriloquist, who was also a juggler; and he called his carbuncle "The Speaking Date." Whenever he spoke to it, the answer came promptly, and appropriately, as it seemed, from the very heart of the date, which lay on a table, several feet from the exhibitor.

It was not always, however, an obedient servant,

for sometimes, when the master gave an order, the date argued the point, making objections, offering excuses, and finally yielding, as it were, under protest.

It would complain that it was "sleepy," or "tired of doing the same thing over and over," or "the people were not paying attention." But all this only enhanced the interest of the occasion; and when, at last, the rebellious little thing concluded to do as it was bidden, the audience was in ecstasies.

A tree was made to grow, in our presence, as if

from the very heart of the date, putting forth its long, pointed leaves, then the dainty blooms, and finally a clump of the luscious fruit. But of this we were not invited to eat, for it disappeared suddenly, and only the single little golden-brown date we had seen at the first, remained. This was, of course, only a specimen of the sleight-of-hand "tricks" that Hindoo jugglers know so well how to perform, while the apparent speaking of the date was the result of ventriloquism,—the juggler being able to make his voice sound as if it came from where the date lay, and so induce the audience to think that the voice came out of the fruit-like carbuncle itself.

But after this, the stone jumped, walked, ran, and finally, with head and wings suddenly attached, flew across the stage, and alighted between the conjurer's joined hands. This was all accomplished by means of machinery adroitly hidden between the carbuncle and the golden tripod upon which it lay. Curious and startling as were the movements, they were wonders of mechanism, and of course had nothing to do with supernatural powers, such as the ventriloquist pretended to possess.

At the first Paris Exposition there was exhibited a huge toy that was worked by concealed machinery; and of the thousands who daily witnessed its amusing performances, not one, that I have heard of, was ever able to find out the secret of its wonderful motions.

At first, one saw only a rock, almost covered with ferns, lichens, and mosses, growing in a wild tangle of rustic beauty, and a tiny spring, that came trickling out of the side of the rock, to feed a miniature lake, in which sported scores of gold and silver fish. Then, with a bark and a bound that seemed like a courteous welcome, a huge Newfoundland dog sprang into view, from a cavern at the bottom of the rock, at the same moment that a little hare, seated on a boulder, high above the people's heads, began beating on a tiny drum, a strange, wild tattoo. The dog shook his shaggy hair, rolled his eyes, and displayed a set of teeth more to be feared than admired, while he looked menacingly toward the little drummer perched above. The hare gave no sign, except that the tiny paws flew faster, until the music ceased suddenly with a shriek, as a huge, ugly baboon made his appearance on one side, at the very moment that a young shepherd entered on the other. Angry glances were exchanged between the newcomers, and the little hare, seeming to think himself the object of their common spite, looked from the ugly baboon to the trim little shepherd, as if he did not know which was the more dangerous enemy, and thereupon made good his escape by

bolting into the tangle of evergreens on the summit of the rock.

Meanwhile, neither of the supposed foes noticed the disappearance of the hare, but each had his gaze fixed on a pretty little maiden sitting demurely in a tiny grotto, and so nearly hidden by the tall ferns, as to be noticed only when sought for. But both the shepherd and the baboon seemed to know just where to look for the little flower-crowned nymph, whom each saluted with a song, after his own fashion. The shepherd played softly on his flute a charming little air, and then sang a love-song addressed to the maiden; while the baboon struck fiercely a drum, grinning and gibbering, and casting looks of defiance at his rival. But the stony-hearted maiden gave no sign, looking as listless as though she had heard not a word, and would n't have cared a fig if she had.

Suddenly, the music ceased, the strange pantomime ended, and the wondering crowd, or those of them who had not seen the exhibition before, learned that they had been watching only a set of automata or figures moved by machinery, wound up like a clock, to run for a certain time, and then stop, as a watch does, when "run down."

The rock was manufactured for the purpose, and so it effectually hid the source of the water; even the ferns and grasses were artificial; and the only real things were the water and the fish. But that must have been wonderful inventive genius which contrived this complicated machinery, controlling so many figures, and producing such a variety of sounds and motions.

At the Crystal Palace in London, not long ago, the automaton chess-player was again brought into notice. It was invented in Austria, by a Hungarian gentleman, in the year 1769. So you see it is more than a century old, but it is just as interesting to us as though our grandfathers had never looked on and admired and wondered at its curious performances. The chess-player is a Turk of life size, and wears a long black beard, with the turban and loose robes made in Turkish fashion. He sits just behind a round box, about two feet broad, and two and a half feet high; and this box is attached to the seat the figure occupies. Castors are placed beneath, so that the seat, figure, and box can be moved together from place to place, in the room, at the convenience of the operator. In a game, the automaton always has the first move, and always selects the white pieces. He plays with his left hand, which is said to be the result of a slight oversight on the part of the inventor, who did not detect his mistake until the work was too far advanced to be altered. But the figure moves his pieces easily and quickly, and all his motions are both graceful and seemingly intelligent.

Of course there must be some one who controls the movements of the automaton; for he plays with different people, sometimes winning and sometimes losing; but in what manner he is thus controlled is the wonderful part of it. The box behind which the figure sits contains a quantity of wire springs, but there is no apparent connection with machinery elsewhere; and the space seems too small to admit even a very little human being.

Before beginning a game, the operator always opens several small doors in the box before the figure, and two also in the lower part of the body, besides raising the Turkish robe that covers the automaton, even inserting a lighted candle, so that the whole interior of the figure is plainly visible. In this state, any person in the audience has the privilege of making such examination as he desires; but beyond springs, wheels, barrels, and tubes, nearly filling the cavity, nothing is found.

After all are satisfied that there is no living being concealed in the machinery, as far as their eyes can tell them, the doors are again closed, the figure is adjusted, and the "works" are wound up by a key inserted in a small hole in the side of the box. Then a cushion is placed under the left arm of the Turk, while the right arm and hand are extended on the box, and the game begins, some one in the audience volunteering as an opponent.

One of the most curious clocks ever made was completed not many years ago by Karl Ketler, a German miner of Pennsylvania. It so nearly resembles the famous Strasburg clock as to seem almost an imitation; but Ketler declares that he has never seen the great clock of Strasburg, and that he never even heard of it until his own work was nearly completed. At any rate, some account of Ketler's clock will be of interest to American boys and girls, as the first piece of mechanism of this sort our own continent has produced.

Ketler was occupied three whole years in the construction of his wonderful time-piece, during the last of the three working at it day and night, and often so absorbed in his undertaking as to forget both food and sleep. He was a man of very limited education, without any of the advantages of travel or wide observation, and the whole work of this curious clock was performed with no other tools than two common jack-knives.

The clock is eight feet high and four broad, has sixteen sides, and is surmounted by a globe, over which is a cross. There are four dial-plates, all carved in curious, emblematic figures of most unique design. One of the dials shows the day of the month; another, the day of the week; a

third, the minutes and seconds; and the fourth, the hour of the day. Above the dial-plates, a gallery extends about half way around the clock, and in the center of this gallery is a carved wooden figure of the Savior, while at each end is a small door opening into the body of the clock. Over the right door is an eagle, and over the left a rooster. Twice a day,—that is, at noon and midnight,—there is a sweet chiming of bells, during which the small door at the right opens, twelve wooden figures, personating the twelve apostles, march in procession, with St. Peter at their head, all along the gallery. Each in turn, as he passes the Lord, bows with face toward him, and then, resuming his former position, walks slowly forward till he reaches the door at the left, which they all enter. When Peter salutes the Lord, the cock crows; and when Judas, who is in the rear, with one hand shielding his face and the other grasping a bag, reaches the cock, it crows twice. At the extreme corners of the clock, placed on pedestals, are beautifully carved statues of Moses and Elias, and in the rear are two obelisks of the Egyptian style, inscribed in hieroglyphics, and designed to symbolize the ancient period of history. The clock will run thirty-two hours, and, by a special attachment, the procession of the apostles may be repeated whenever desired.

But the most astonishing thing I ever heard of in the way of a time-piece is a clock described by a Hindoo rajah, as belonging to a native prince of Upper India, and jealously guarded as the rarest treasure of his luxurious palace.

In front of the clock's disk was a gong, swung upon poles, and near it was a pile of artificial human limbs. The pile was made up of the full number of parts for twelve perfect bodies, but all lay heaped together in seeming confusion.

Whenever the hands of the clock indicated the hour of one, out from the pile crawled just the number of parts needed to form the frame of one man, part joining itself to part with quick, metallic click; and, when completed, the figure sprang up, seized a mallet, and walking up to the gong, struck one blow that sent the sound pealing through every room and corridor of that stately castle. This done, he returned to the pile and fell to pieces again. When two o'clock came, two men arose and did likewise; and so through all the hours of the day, the number of figures being the same as the number of the hour, till at noon and midnight, the entire heap sprang up, and marching to the gong, struck, one after another, each his blow, making twelve in all; and then fell to pieces.



SEEING IS BELIEVING.

By J. S.

ILLING Kitty McHost was deaf as a post,
 And Wellington Stowe could n't speak;
 "So, you see, 't were as well," said Miss Kitty McHost,
 "For a man to come courtin' in Greek!
 If it's me you are after, dear Wellington Stowe,
 Just bring in a bit of a trumpet and blow."
 So he blew and he blew, his dear lady to win;
 But she cried in despair: "Will he never begin?"
 And then in the trumpet he silently sighed,
 Whilst fondly and sweetly his lady he eyed;—
 "Would you deafen a body!" she cried, "Mr. Stowe;
 If you blow loud as that, all the neighbors will know!"
 And so it was settled. And long may they thrive,—
 The quietest, happiest couple alive!

OUT AT SEA.

(A Fable.)

BY PAUL FORT.

THERE was once a pigeon who thought she would like to go to sea. It was so beautiful out there, over the blue waters, and she was really getting tired of living always on the land, with men, women, and children continually about her. There were no birds, except chickens and canaries, who were so constantly surrounded by human beings as pigeons. To be sure, the human beings were very kind and attentive, building houses for them and throwing grain out for them, just as they did for their chickens, but then there was something humiliating in the fact of always staying about houses and barns, and having children come out and coax you to eat out of their hands. There was nothing really disagreeable in that, for they always brought nice bread-crumbs, but, after all, it was n't the proper thing for a free bird with strong wings. There was something better in the world. She would go to sea. And away she went.

There was also a hawk who thought he would go to sea. He had been in the habit of catching fish in the rivers and bays, near the forest where he lived, but he thought that there must be a

much better chance to fish out in the wide ocean, where there were so many fish that some of them would be obliged, very often, to come up near the surface of the water, where he could pounce down upon them. True enough, it would be hard work to carry the fish he caught from such a distance to his home, especially if they happened to be big ones,—which he hoped they would be,—but then he knew that it was foolish to expect to have everything easy in this world, and so away he went to sea.

The pigeon thought it was splendid. She was miles and miles from land. The sun shone, the water sparkled, the wind blew fresh and free, and she flew along as strong and vigorously as if she had been a sea-gull or a Mother Carey's chicken.

"How foolish," she said to herself, "that I never thought of this before! I might have made fifty excursions to this lovely charming sea."

The hawk did not think the sea was so very fine. The waves rolled and tumbled about in such a way that he could not see the fish very well, and he felt a little afraid that if he were to make a swoop, a wave might dash over him, and he would

not like that. He knew that birds did fish in the sea, but he did not understand just how they did it. He would like to see some bird fishing. He

But he saw no fishing-bird, and no fishes came near the top of the water,—at least, none that he could see. To be sure, there were some porpoises



"ALMOST EXHAUSTED, SHE FELL THROUGH THE RIGGING TO THE DECK."

then could learn how it was done, and if it was not a very large bird, he could take his fish from him.

rolling about, but what could a hawk do with a porpoise? While he was thus beginning to feel a

little discouraged, he saw a small bird flying about, as if it were simply enjoying itself, without having any particular object in view. It certainly was not fishing.

"What else could bring a bird out here?" said the hawk to himself. "It surely can't expect to find insects or seeds, out on the ocean. It must be a foolish sort of a bird. Upon my word, I believe it's a pigeon! It *is* a pigeon, strayed, perhaps, from some ship, for no pigeon would be foolish enough to fly out here when it might be safe on shore. It's good luck for me, for I'd rather have a fat bird than a fish. So here goes."

And he flew after the pigeon as fast as his wings would carry him.

Our poor pigeon saw the hawk just in time. She had been chased by hawks before, but never by such a large and fierce-looking creature as this. But she knew there was only one chance of safety for her—she must keep above the hawk. If she allowed him to rise above her, he would swoop down upon her in an instant. For a hawk drops upon his prey like a falling cannon-ball.

So up she went into the air as fast as she could flap her wings. The hawk followed, but he could not fly straight upward as easily as he could go in other directions. Still he kept pretty close to his intended prey.

"Oh dear!" said the pigeon. "Must I go up, and up, and up, for ever? Must I go into the blue sky before I can get away from him? How he does fly! I could always escape from hawks before, but this one is such a terrible fellow. He'll never get tired."

It seemed very much as if this were really the case, for the hawk steadily followed her, as she went higher and higher, and he showed no symptoms of changing his mind. Onward and upward they both went together. There were other birds flying in long lines through the air. Perhaps he would go after some of them? But no; he never even looked at them.

But at last the pigeon saw something which gave her a little hope, and she needed some encouragement, for her wings were beginning to feel rather tired, and the blue sky seemed as far away as ever. She saw, not very far off, a ship. There were other ships, which could be seen in the distance, but this one was near enough for her sharp eyes to perceive the people on board.

"There are men and women," she said, "and even children. If I could only get among them I should be safe. But I am afraid to fly down. He would have me before I could get half way there."

But something must be done; she must reach that ship or be caught by the hawk. An idea entered her head. She flew upward so rapidly that she increased the distance between herself and the hawk, and then she suddenly changed her course and dashed downward, in a slanting direction, toward the ship. The hawk instantly followed her, but she flew so rapidly, going forward as well as downward, that he found it difficult to get above her so as to make a swoop. They were rapidly approaching the ship, and although the hawk did not like the neighborhood of human beings he would not give up that pigeon. He was bound to catch her before she reached the ship. So he made a great effort and reached a point almost directly above her, and then down he came. But the pigeon made a little swoop toward the ship, and then down she came, too, as if she had been shot. The hawk just missed her. If she had not made her little swoop he would have had her. As it was, he nearly struck against one of the spars of the ship, while, almost exhausted, she fell through the rigging to the deck.

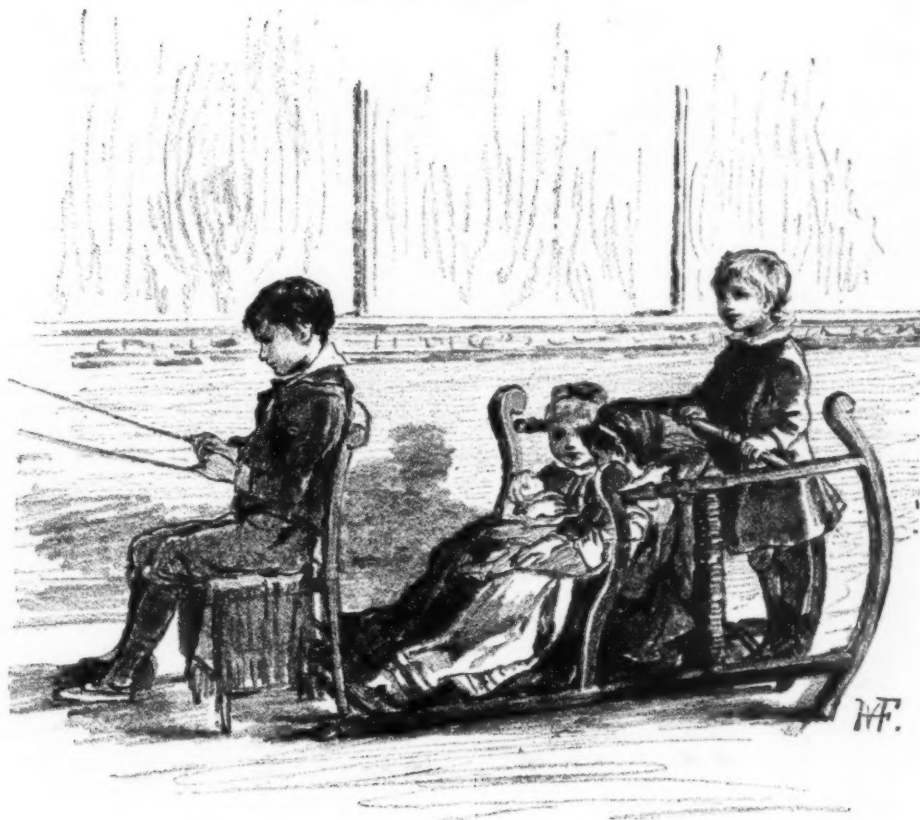
In a moment, a little girl had picked her up, and was stroking and comforting her in her lap. The people on the ship had been watching that strange chase through the air, and right glad they were when they saw the pigeon safe among them. The poor bird nestled down in the little girl's lap and cooed and panted. The hawk flew slowly away. He did not try to fish any more. He could do better in fresh water. Even birds got away from him here. He would not go to sea any more.

The pigeon also thought that she would not go to sea any more. She had not been in danger of the great waves, nor had she been overtaken by a storm. The same kind of accident happened which might be expected to happen on land,—only worse. And here she was among men, women and children, again, safe and well cared for; and how glad to be there!

"Who would have supposed," she thought to herself, "that it all would turn out in this way? But I never did know, at the beginning, how a thing was going to end."

THE CHILDREN'S TALLY-HO!

BY S. W. HALLOCK.



WITHOUT were the wind and the whirling snow,
 Within were the lovelight and fireside glow,
 And a realm of fancy far, far away
 From the storm and the cold of that bleak win-
 ter day.

For the land was green and the skies were fair
 Where the children rode in the old arm-chair;
 Jasper for driver, and Bessie and Kate,
 And Arthur, for footman, behind in state.

Away they went with their airy steed,
 Through summer sunshine, o'er flowery mead,

No road nor highway before them lay;
 Through a world of their own they rode that day.

Ah, me! who can tell, in the years to be
 What journeys over the land or sea,
 With pride or profit or joy replete,
 May await the tread of those childish feet?

But whithersoever their wanderings lead,
 No deeper contentment or zest can exceed
 That which filled their young hearts, as they gal-
 loped away,
 In grandfather's chair on that bleak winter day!



AN ONLY CHILD.

AMONG THE LAKES.

(A Farm-house Story.)

BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD, AUTHOR OF "DAB KINZER," ETC.

CHAPTER IX.

EVERYBODY at the farm-house felt pretty tired that night. Even the boys and girls were quite willing to go to bed early. The next day would be Sunday, with time to rest and get over the excitement they had been under, but they all did as much sound sleeping as they knew how. In fact, when Bi Hunter and his sister and their older relatives awoke, that Sunday morning, Aunt Keziah's household, all except Piney's mother, had been up and dressed for a good while.

"I wonder if the city folks will sleep all day?" said Aunt Keziah. "Ann, ring the bell to wake 'em."

"I'll ring it," said Roxy.

"Ring away, then. I expect it'll have to be rung more 'n once, if they're to be got up in time. City folks don't know what early rising is."

"Is n't it morning in the city?" asked Roxy.

"Of course it is, but then most of the people don't know it. There, now, get your bell and ring."

That was one thing Roxy loved to do, and there was not a particle of doubt that she would make it heard by everybody upstairs. She even went to the very door of her Aunt Sarah's room and rang till Uncle Liph called to ask her if she were ringing for church time.

"No," said Roxy, "it's only getting up time."

"Is breakfast ready?"

"No, sir; but we've begun to cook the fish. Aunt Keziah says if it's cooked to death it'll be all your fault. She can't help it."

Then Roxy wondered why her Uncle laughed so, but she gave another good ring, and hurried down for a look at the pickerel while he was broiling.

Aunt Keziah did not allow it to be "cooked to death," however, and Grandfather Hunter and Uncle Liph declared that they had not enjoyed a breakfast so much for a long time.

"It's late for us," said Aunt Keziah, "but I s'pose it's early for you. I reckon we'll all have just about time to dress for meeting. How many of you are going?"

Grandfather wanted to go, but said he felt too tired and lame, and Piney's mother felt like keeping him company at home. Chub was too young



to go, but all the rest were ready or, at least, they meant to be.

"Then, Mary," said Aunt Sarah, "you, and Bayard, and Richard can go on foot. Your father and I, and Aunt Keziah and Roxy and Susie will fill the carryall."

"I should say you would," remarked Piney's mother. "It's a beautiful walk, Mary. I used to prefer it to riding."

Mary was fond of walking, she said, and went a much greater distance than that, in the city, almost every day.

"Why, you can't do any shopping at all," she said, "without walking several miles."

"Country walking will tire you," said Aunt Keziah, "but it'll be good for you."

Mary had rarely seen such rows of elms, and maples, and horse-chestnuts as lined that road.

The road itself was dusty enough, but there was no wind of any consequence and not a great many carriages to stir it up. Now and then a great, farmer's wagon came trolling slowly along, with a family of good people in it, on their way to meeting, and Mary said she had never before seen so many queer sun-bonnets and parasols.

"Bonnets?" said Piney. "Now, you wait till we've a chance to rummage our garret. I'll show you what sort of things people used to wear."

"The garret?" said Mary. "I'd like that immensely. You must not forget to show it to me."

"There goes the second bell," said Piney to Bi, at that moment, and in a minute more an open carriage rolled by and they heard Roxy calling:

"Piney, the bell's tolling. You'll be late."

The carryall had been driven very slowly indeed, as was proper on Sunday, but had nevertheless arrived a few minutes earlier than the party on foot. There was a wide platform at the top of the flight of steps leading into the meeting-house, and a good many people were lingering there before they went in. All of them knew Aunt Keziah, and Susie and Roxy were surprised to see how many—especially of the older people—seemed to be acquainted with Uncle Liph and Aunt Sarah. They all seemed glad to see them, too, and there was a great deal of shaking hands, and saying "How'd ye do," and asking about others who were not there.

Roxy, too, knew everybody and felt that she had a duty to do.

"Mrs. Simmons," she said to a good old lady, who was leaning on her husband's arm, waiting a chance to speak to Roxy's relatives, "this little girl is my Cousin Susie."

"Is she, my dear? I knew her mother when she was very young, but not so young as Susie is. Will you kiss me, dear?"

"Yes, Susie, kiss her," said Roxy. "It's Mrs.

Simmons, and that's Deacon Simmons. Sometimes she kisses me. It won't hurt you a bit."

"No, it won't," said the old lady, as Susie lifted her fresh and pleasant little face. "I was a little girl once. But that was long ago."

"Ever so long ago," added Roxy. "And Cousin Mary and Bi are coming along with Piney. There was n't room for 'em in the carriage and so they had to walk. I rode."

Deacon Simmons and his wife knew Roxy very well, and they might have said more to her and Susie if Aunt Keziah had not just then spoken to them. And then Roxy, a moment or so later, tugged at the old lady's gown to tell her Piney and the rest were coming. And then the sweet-toned old bell, up there ever so high in the steeple, ceased tolling, and it was time for all to go in.

Aunt Keziah led the way to a seat in the middle aisle, but after Uncle Liph and Aunt Sarah and Bayard and Mary and Susie had walked into it, she seemed to think that was enough, and took Roxy with her into the next pew behind.

Roxy heard her whisper to Aunt Sarah:

"It's just as well she and Susie should n't sit together."

After the sermon, and while people were getting into their wagons and carriages, there was a great deal more hand-shaking to be done, and the minister himself shook hands with Roxy and Susie. He said to Roxy:

"I suppose you can't stay to Sunday-school to-day?"

"No, sir," said Roxy. "There's company at our house. There they are. We brought 'em all to church except grandpa. He'd have come, but he says he's rheumatis'd one of his fore feet, and he can't come."

"That's a good reason," said the minister, with a narrow escape from laughing. "Your grandfather is a pretty old man, now. Older than I am by several years."

"Yes, sir, he's dreadful old. But then he never boasts of it."

"I suppose you mean he never complains of it. Well, that's right. I won't, either. You've two nice little nieces here, Miss Merrill."

"Yes," remarked Aunt Keziah, "and you've already met the others. I'm rich in nephews and nieces."

"And we've got eight cows," began Roxy, but just at that moment Uncle Liph took hold of her hand to lead her to the carriage, and Aunt Keziah was left to tell the minister as much more or as little as she might think fit.

The walk home was a pretty warm one for Piney and his cousins, and the carryall was far ahead, for it had started at the same time, and people

always drive home from church faster than they drive in going. But they arrived in good time for dinner, and very hungry.

CHAPTER X.

THAT was a pleasant Sunday afternoon and evening at the farm-house. Uncle Liph said he felt as if he were doing a whole month's resting.

There was plenty of music. Cousin Mary was already well aware that her Aunt Elizabeth, Piney's mother, had been a good musician in her younger days, but neither she nor Aunt Sarah knew how much of power she had preserved, in spite of ill-health and widowhood. As for Piney, nothing would make him touch the piano till his mother said she was tired. Even then he only played a few simple accompaniments, which he did very well, and insisted upon Mary, and afterward Bayard, taking his place.

Roxy sang in every hymn they tried, or, at least, she did the best she could to sing, and her little voice was quite a sweet one.

After supper, Grandpa Hunter took Roxy on his knee, and told her some wonderful stories that she never had heard before. Susie came, too, and pulled up a chair beside them, and even Piney seemed to be listening now and then, until Aunt Keziah said:

"There, father, she wont sleep a wink to-night, with all those things in her head, and it's past her bed-time now."

"Don't you think you'll sleep, Roxy?" asked grandpa, as he put his wrinkled hand on her dark curls.

Her head, as she sat in his lap, had been leaning on his shoulder, and his last story had been a long one.

"She'll sleep, I guess," said Piney, when Roxy made no answer; "but you'll have to wake her up now before you put her to bed."

"I should say so!" exclaimed Aunt Keziah. "The poor little thing has entertained her company till she's tired out."

"Roxy! Roxy!" said her grandfather. "Wake up; it's bed-time. The chickens are all on the roost."

Roxy's eyes were opening, and she heard about the chickens.

"No," she said; "the little chickens creep under the old hen, and the big chickens roost on the sleigh in the barn."

There was plainly little to be feared for her from Grandpa Hunter's stories, and Susie was used to them. As for Chub, he had been in his crib for some time.

"Bi," said Piney, "let's go to bed early. One

of the hands'll take care of the cows in the morning. You and I can have a good fish and a swim before breakfast."

"That'll suit me," said Bi. "Seems as if I was never so sleepy in all my life."

The older folks said the same, and, before long, the whole farm-house was as quiet as one of Uncle Liph's stuffed birds.

That is a time of the year, however, when the sunlight stays in the world as late as it can every evening, and comes back as early as possible in the morning. It was just as if the sun could not bear to be away from so beautiful a thing as the earth is in June.

It was a good night to sleep in, not too warm, with all the windows open to the fresh breeze from the hills, and even Roxy awoke bright and early the next morning.

"Oh, the eggs!" she exclaimed, as she sprang out of bed. "We must get some for Uncle Liph's breakfast."

Susie was fast asleep yet, but Roxy leaned across the bed and shook her.

"Wake up, Susie! Wake up!"

"I'm awake. Is it morning? That is, I'm almost pretty near awake," yawned Susie, as she opened her blue eyes.

"Morning? Why, if you listen with both your ears, you can hear the hens cackle. That's at the barn."

"I hear them. What do they do it for?"

"So we shan't forget about the eggs. Sometimes we might, if the hens did n't cackle."

"Don't they ever forget?"

"I guess not; I never heard them forget. Hurry, now, and we'll get ever so many."

Susie was hurrying, for she liked the idea of hunting for eggs. In a few minutes more the girls were in the kitchen, asking Ann for the egg-basket.

It was quite a pretty one, made of willow, with a cover that was tied on by a red ribbon.

The two children had talked their way to the barn-yard gate. There were two gates,—a big one and a little one.

"The big gate's for wagons," said Roxy. "I could never open that; but there's nothing but a latch on this one. Oh, dear me!"

"What's the matter, Roxy?"

"Why, Susie, there's Piney's bad sheep. They've left him in the barn-yard."

"Is that a bad sheep? I thought all the sheep were real good. Does he bite?"

"He is n't a bit good. He does n't bite, but he bunts. Don't you see? He's got horns. Don't say a word to him."

"But, Roxy, wont he run after us?"

"I guess not. But you must n't point your

finger at him. We'll run right across to the barn, before he thinks about us."

For all Susie could see, the old ram looked peaceable enough, as he nibbled at a bunch of hay off there on the other side of the barn-yard, and she hurried along at Roxy's side, with one hand on the handle of the basket and a sharp lookout on the "bad sheep." Roxy further explained:

"He's one of Piney's pets. Piney feeds him and makes him do all sorts of things; but I don't like him a bit. He bunts dreadfully."

They entered the barn through a small door that led into the stable. All the horses and cows were gone to pasture or to work, but both the stable and the rest of the barn had a neat and tidy look. Aunt Keziah could not bear to have any part of her place out of order.

"Where are the hens?" asked Susie.

"Why, they're everywhere. I know where to find some of the nests, and we can hunt for some more. There is n't much hay here now, but there will be pretty soon."

"Where do they get it?"

"Out in the hayfield. We'll go and see them make hay. May be they'll ride us on a hay-wagon. That's fun. Did you ever have a hay ride?"

"No," said Susie; "but I saw a picture of one once."

"A picture of a hay ride?—with a big load of hay and some girls like you and me?"

"And some big girls and boys."

"Wish I had one. Oh, Susie, here's a nest, and there's two eggs in it!"

"Two? Why, there's three."

"No, there is n't. These two are eggs, and that's a nest-egg. We just leave that in the nest."

"How do you know it's a nest-egg?"

"Why," said Roxy, in some surprise, "it is n't an egg! Don't you see, it's made of white glass?"

"So it is! And there's something printed on it."

"Piney put that on. He says they are fraud eggs. They fool the hens."

"How?" said Susie. "The hens can't read. This one says, 'I'm a fraud.'"

"Oh, the hens think it's one of their own eggs. They don't know any better."

"The stupid things!"

Roxy had already put those two real eggs into her basket, and in another minute she had shown Susie a second nest. This time there were three besides the nest-egg, and Susie examined that with great care.

"It says, 'I'm lonely.'"

"That's Piney's fun. He cut a verse of poetry from a newspaper, once, and pasted it on a nest-egg."

"Did it do any good?"

"Good? Not a bit. He said all the hens kept away from that nest, and he had to wash the poetry off."

It was capital fun, and they found nest after nest in queer, out-of-the-way corners. In one place there was a great yellow hen on the nest.

"Don't disturb her," said Roxy.

"She's one of Piney's heathens, and she's sitting on ever so many eggs."

"A heathen?" exclaimed Susie.

"He says so. She's a Chinese. She's real tall. He calls her a shang-high."

"I've heard of them," said Susie. "And so that's a shang-high. I never saw one before."

"Why, Roxy, the basket's almost full," said Susie. "We don't want any more, do we?"

"Guess we could n't find any more. But is n't it fun?"

"Splendid! Oh, Roxy, will that bad sheep be out there?"

"Yes, but we need n't say anything to him. He'll be good."

CHAPTER XI.

WHEN Piney and Bi got into the boat, that morning, the sun was hardly half an hour high. Bi thought he had never seen anything more beautiful than the lake, and the woods and fields around it.

"It's better than being in the city," he exclaimed, as Piney took up the oars and pulled rapidly away from the landing. "But which shall we do first,—fish or swim?"

"Swim, of course," said Piney. "The water is n't a bit too cold. Then we can fish till breakfast time. I never stay in long. Not long enough to get tired."

"Where do you go to go in swimming?"

"Over there by the bushes. Nobody can see you from the road or the house, and the water's deep, and there is n't a bit of eel grass on the bottom."

"What would that do?"

"Might tangle your feet. Water lily stems might tangle you, too. I don't like anything to touch me in the water."

"Did you ever touch a fish?"

"No, indeed. They get out of the way, fast enough. You put on more clothes than I did. Why don't you begin to undress?"

"I brought my bathing suit."

"Bathing suit? Oh, yes, I've heard of those things. I'd like to see one. That's it, is it?"

"I had it, last year, down by the sea-shore. It's as good as new."

Bi had unrolled his bathing suit and spread it

out across his knees. It was a very good one, and Bi was half inclined to be proud of it till Piney remarked:

"Well, you wear that, if you want to. I'd rather have mine."

"Yours? I did n't see you bring any."

"Oh, yes, it's on now. Under all my other clothes. It wont come off till I'm skinned."

There was evidently a spice of fun in Piney Hunter, and by the time he had rowed the boat to the bathing place, Bi had decided not to wear his very "nobby" bathing suit.

It was a retired and sheltered sort of a cove, with high, shelving, gravelly banks, and a clean bottom under the clear, bright water.

Bi was a little slow in making his preparations, but it seemed hardly a minute from the time the boat struck the bank before Piney stepped to the outer end of it, threw his heels into the air with a great spring, and went down head first through the splashing surface.

"What a dive that was!" exclaimed Bi. "But why does n't he come up? Ah, there he is."

There he was, five or six rods away, for Piney was a little proud of his skill, and could "show off," now and then.

"Can you swim under water?" asked Bi, as Piney came puffing back.

"Of course, but I have to get a good deep dive first. Come on in."

"I'm a coming," said Bi, but he did not try a spring from the boat. He waded in from the shore, and was half uncomfortable to find how quickly the water deepened almost to his shoulders.

"Is it very deep?" he asked.

"Splendid. No danger of touching bottom, anywhere. Guess it's twenty or thirty feet out here. See me tread water."

"How do you do that?"

"Just the same as if you were walking upstairs in a hurry. Why don't you strike out?"

"They say fresh water's harder to swim in than salt."

"Salt water must be easy, then. I would n't care to have any thing easier than this."

There was no help for it. Bi thought of the Chevalier Bayard, the knight "without fear and without reproach," and he threw himself boldly forward.

"Don't strike so fast," shouted Piney. "You'll tire yourself out. Take it easy."

And, so saying, he threw himself on his back, and darted away in a manner that made his cousin open his eyes.

Now, however, that Bi was actually started, and found that he could swim in fresh water so much

more easily than he had expected, he really began to enjoy it. Not that he ventured very far from shore or from the boat, but he was fast gaining confidence in himself, when Piney, who had been



ROXY AND SUSIE HUNTING FOR EGGS.

showing him "how to float," rolled over and struck out for land.

"Are you tired?" asked Bi.

"No, and I don't mean to be. That's all the swimming I want, before breakfast. Let's put on our clothes and go for some fish."

Bi was willing, and they had brought plenty of

tackle and bait. Neither of them was at all wearied by the morning bath, and dressing did not take them long, after a minute or so of work with a crash towel.

"You 'll soon learn," said Piney. "You must go in every morning."

"Wont that be too much?"

"It would if you stayed in long. If you know enough to come out in time, it wont hurt you, and you 'll learn ten times as much as you would if you only went in now and then and tired yourself half to death."

"Is that the way you learned?"

"That 's all the training I ever had. Don't you think it 's enough?"

Bi thought it was, and the warm sunshine that was now pouring upon him felt wonderfully nice.

The fish bit pretty well, as they are apt to do so early in the morning in a lake like that, and the boys had quite a string of perch and "pumpkin-seeds" by the time Piney said they must start for the house.

"We 'll have 'em for breakfast, if we get in in time to get them cleaned. They 're nicest when they 're just out of the water."

"So father says," said Bi. "He 's very fond of them."

"Glad of it. There 'll be fresh eggs, too, right from the nests."

Piney was more positive than he would have been, about that, if he had known what was going on in the barn-yard. He and Bi reached the landing and hurried to the house with their fish.

"They 're very nice," remarked Aunt Keziah; "but I wish you 'd go and call Roxy. She and Susie went to the barn for eggs ever so long ago."

Piney started at once, and Bi followed him, for want of something better to do.

They reached the gate just a little after the children came out of the barn. Susie's first thought had been as to the whereabouts of the "bad sheep."

"There he is!" she exclaimed to Roxy. "Right in our way." And as she said it she pointed straight at him with her little forefinger.

Now, Piney's pet ram had been taught to consider a "point" as a sort of a challenge, and his woolly head was lowered in an instant.

"O, Susie!" screamed Roxy. "What have you done? He 's going to butt!"

Susie screamed and sprang away toward the gate, letting go of the handle of the basket. Roxy looked around for a moment in great uncertainty, but there was an old wagon-box lying near, bottom up, and she set the basket down on the corner of that before she followed Susie. The ram had stood still, shaking his head for a moment, and the two

girls were out of his reach by the time he got through what Roxy called "making motions." When he looked up, all he saw to strike at was the basket of eggs on the corner of the wagon-box. It was not pointing at him, to be sure, but it was there, and when Piney looked over the gate he was charging for it, full tilt.

If the old ram had been one of the knights Bi was fond of reading about, he could not have made a fairer hit at that basket. Of course the box stopped him, but it was very bad for the eggs. The cover flew off from the basket as it went over, and the eggs went "every which way." Perhaps the "bad sheep" might have followed them, but Piney darted in and caught him by the horns, scolding him as sharply as he could between his loud peals of laughter.

"Bi," he said, "come in and save the eggs. Only about half of 'em are broken."

Bi was laughing, too, but he picked up the eggs as fast as he could, saying:

"Well, about half of 'em are. Their shells were n't made for it."

"It 's good fun, though. I wish the rest could have seen it. You old, horny-headed rascal, I 'll have to tie you up."

"Susie pointed at him," said Roxy. "She forgot."

"He remembered, then. You get back through the gate, Bi. If he once gets agoing there 's no stopping him. He 'll butt at everything he sees, all day."

"He 's the worst sheep I ever saw," remarked Susie.

"But he 'll do just what Piney says," said Roxy.

CHAPTER XII.

THERE was a good deal of fun made, at the breakfast table, by Uncle Liph and Grandfather Hunter, over the conduct of the "bad sheep" and the sad fate of the eggs, and Bi told his father what a splendid swim he had had.

"Keep it up, Bayard," said his father. "You have made a good beginning."

"But, Piney," said his mother, "what will your cousin find to do to amuse himself while you are at school?"

"O, there 'll be a game of base-ball on the green. I 'll show him where. He can come to the village with me."

"And he can take a letter to the post-office for me," added Mary.

"I hope there will be letters for the rest of us, too," said Grandfather. "I want to hear from your grandmother."

"I left her safe in Boston," said Uncle Liph;

"but it 's time I heard from Mr. Sadler about business."

"He 's your junior partner now, is he not?" asked Piney's mother.

"Yes, and he has more of the management in his hands than I have. I trust him entirely. A very excellent young man."

"Young men nowadays aint what they used to be," remarked Aunt Keziah; but even Grandfather Hunter and Aunt Mary had a good word to say in Mr. Sadler's behalf, and Piney made up his mind that his uncle's junior partner must be something quite remarkable.

After breakfast, he and Bi started at once for the village.

"This is Monday," he said, as they walked along, "and I would n't give much for all the boys 'll learn to-day and to-morrow and next day."

"Why not?" asked Bi.

"O, these last days of the term don't count for anything. We're a little afraid of Examination. I am, I know. But then it 's too late to do much on our reviews, and we're thinking of the Exhibition and vacation and all sorts of things."

"What 's the Exhibition to be?"

"O, we always have one. Dialogues and speaking pieces, and singing and music, and visitors and all that sort of thing. Sometimes I think it 's fun and sometimes it is n't."

"You 've to speak a piece?"

"Of course. I always do. I've got a short one. Shorter than Roxy's."

"Is she to speak?"

"She would n't miss it for anything. Can you play base-ball?"

"O, yes; I belong to a club."

And Bi was more than a little proud to speak of something in the way of out-of-door sports in which he could claim to be expert.

"Now, do you know, I'm glad of that. I wish you 'd take a little of the nonsense out of Kyle Wilbur and the rest. They 'll be sure to think you can't play worth a cent."

"I 'll try and show 'em," said Bi, with a determined look on his face. "I don't care where they put me. In our club we change places all over the field."

"So do we, but it 's all irregular. We just play as it happens."

"Are you a good player?"

"How do I know? I never saw anybody play but our boys?"

That was dodging the question, for Piney was by all odds the best boy in the academy, of his age, at either bat or ball. He was in somewhat of a hurry, that morning, however, and did not seem inclined to talk much.

"There is the post-office," he said, as they were entering the village. "Over there by the tavern. The southern stage 'll be in with the mail in an hour or so. It 'll take 'em another hour to distribute it. If I were you I 'd wait for that."

"I will. Letters that left the city on Saturday will come by that."

"Yes. I say, Bi, look at the boys on the green. I wonder how many of them 'll cut their lessons this morning? I wont."

He never did, in fact, and his rosy face was one of the things sure to be seen in his class every time. Kyle Wilbur, however, and Bill Young, and some others, not to speak of the village boys who were not attending the Academy just then, were more in a mood for ball than for study that morning.

Piney introduced his cousin, and the rest were quite polite, in their way, about asking him to take a hand in their game. Kyle Wilbur said to Bill Young:

"Of course he can't play, but he 's a stranger and he 's Piney's cousin. He wont be much in the way."

"Yes; but the other side 'll beat us all hollow. He 's a city dandy and he 'll be getting us put out all the while."

"Can't help it," said Kyle.

"I wont go back on Piney Hunter, game or no game. I 'll risk it."

Bi did not hear that, but he took off his coat and vest, displaying to the criticism of the village boys a remarkably showy pair of "suspenders." Then his collar and neck-tie and cuffs were each carefully taken off and stuffed

into his coat pockets, and he rolled up his trowsers a little.

"What a dandy he is!" exclaimed Bill Young. "I say, Mister What's-your-name, you 'd better put all that riggin' away somewhere."

"Hang it on a tree," said Kyle. "Nobody 'll touch it. No thieves around here. Bill, they 've won the toss. We're out to begin on."

"Well, I s'pose Frank Jones 'll catch for our side. But who 'll pitch? Pity Piney is n't here to pitch for us."

Piney already had started across the green toward



the Academy, a square, white building with a chunky-looking bell-tower on top.

"You can't pitch worth a cent," said Kyle. "I say, mister, did n't I hear Piney call you Bi?"

"Should n't wonder if you did."

"Can you pitch?"

"I'll try it on. If I can't, you'll know it before a great while."

"I guess so. Hullo, Frank, Piney's cousin'll pitch."

Bi felt a kind of tingle in his fingers as he picked up that ball and took his place. If there was one thing he thought he could beat all Parable Center on, it was in pitching a base-ball, and he was not very far wrong.

So, at least, Frank Jones thought when he made his first catch. The ball came like a young cannon-shot, and his fingers were lucky in being pretty tough ones. They were tough, however, and Frank shouted, exultingly:

"All right, boys. I guess the dandy knows how to pitch."

"The dandy," muttered Bi. "Wait till I get hold of that bat, and if I don't show 'em! Why, they're out and out slouches."

Not quite as bad as that, but not one of the country boys had ever seen a "professional nine" play, or had been taught, as Bi had, by a trained instructor. Such a thing as "schooling" in ball play never had entered their heads.

Not a great while after that, as Piney Hunter passed by one of the academy windows, after some work on the blackboard, he heard a great cheer from the boys on the green, and looked out to see what the matter was.

"Bi's got the bat," he exclaimed. "See him run!"

A run it was, but the cheer was for the way he had batted that ball.

"Hurrah for the dandy!" shouted Frank Jones, but Bill Young grumbled:

"Oh, it's nothing but a sort of a trick. Those city fellows have lots of tricks. He can't do it again."

But he did, every time his turn came to him, and instead of losing the game for his side, they were quite ready, at the end of it, to elect him captain of their nine.

Bi's blood was up, too, and he began to "captain" in a way the village boys were hardly accustomed to. They would not have stood it for a moment if he had not shown himself so good a player, and if he had not been a stranger. Even Piney Hunter would hardly have been obeyed as Bi was.

Bill Young rebelled a little, but Kyle Wilbur put him down with:

"Now, Bill, your yaller dog can beat you pitching. His mouth's always open, too, jest like yours. Mister, if you'll let him wear those gal-luses o' yours, he'll be quiet."

"My what? Oh, you mean my suspenders. Can't take 'em off just now. We must whitewash that crowd, this time. Come on, boys."

"He's played ball before," said Frank Jones.

"He knows what he's about. Guess it's all a humbug about his being a city fellow."

Piney was proud enough, when he came out at noon recess, to hear Kyle Wilbur's account of the way in which Bi had distinguished himself.

"I'll tell Aunt Keziah and the rest, when we get home. I've got to stay for the afternoon session, but we can go to the post-office before I eat my lunch."

A queer sort of a place was the village post-office. At least, so it seemed to Bi. Nothing but one corner of a grocery store fenced off from the rest and fitted up with dingy-looking drawers and boxes.

"That's our box," said Piney, when they got there. "The one marked A."

But, as soon as they entered, the postmaster stuck his head around the corner of the partition, and exclaimed:

"I say, Piney, your box is cram, jam full, and here's a lot of things that would n't go in. Got some visitors, haint ye?"

"Yes," said Piney. "What a stack of papers and things, Bi! Do you always get as many as that?"

"No, sir," said Bi, as he began to glance over the pile of envelopes and little bundles. "A good many of 'em are for father and mother and grandfather. Some of 'em are for me."

"But what a lot of 'em are for Mary. She can't read so much as that, every day."

There was a queer look on Bi's face, but he said nothing, and it somehow occurred to Piney to notice that, while there was not one single letter for Mary, she seemed to have a good deal more than her share of the papers and magazines, and that all of them were addressed to her in the same handwriting.

"Now, Bi," he said, "I'll go back and eat my lunch, and you'd better go home to dinner. Why can't you go out in the boat alone and have a good time, fishing? I do that, every chance I can get. It's more fun than you'd think it would be,—especially if the fish are sociable."

"Guess I can take care of myself for this afternoon," said Bi. "But of course I shall be glad when your vacation comes."

The village boys tried to get Bi to stay for another game of ball, but he had had quite enough

for one day. When he reached the farm-house nearly the whole family were on the front piazza, waiting for the mail.

"Plenty for everybody except Mary," remarked Bi, as he came up the steps.

"Nothing for me?" said Mary, in a tone that sounded like disappointment.

"Not a letter," said Bi. "Only a lot of newspapers and such things."

"O, then there is something. Let me have them, Bi."

And, while all the rest began to tear open their envelopes then and there, Mary Hunter, with a face that was half as red as Piney's own, carried all her "morning's mail" up to her room before she opened so much as a single newspaper. Evidently, she expected something very private and confidential, which she did not wish the others to discover.

(To be continued.)

QUITE A HISTORY.

(After the German.)

BY ARLO BATES.

"WHERE have you been, Lysander Pratt?"

"In Greedy Land, Philander Sprat."

"What did you there to grow so fat?"

"I built myself a little house

In which I lived snug as a mouse."

"Well, very, very good was that!"

"Not wholly good, Philander Sprat."

"Now wherefore not, Lysander Pratt?"

"A bear came raging from the wood,
And tumbled down my cottage good."

"Alas! how very bad was that!"

"Not wholly bad, Philander Sprat."

"Not bad? Why not, Lysander Pratt?"

"I killed the bear, and of his skin
I made a coat to wrap me in."

"Well done! Now surely good was that."

"Yet not so good, Philander Sprat."

"Now why not good, Lysander Pratt?"

"A wicked hound tore up my coat
Until it was not worth a groat."

"Ah, what an evil thing was that!"

"Not wholly bad, Philander Sprat."

"What good was there, Lysander Pratt?"

"He caught for me a great wild boar,
That made me sausages good store."

"What luck! How very good was that!"

"Good? Not all good, Philander Sprat."

"Why not all good, Lysander Pratt?"

"A cat stole in on velvet paw,
And ate them all with greedy maw."

"Now surely wholly bad was that!"

"Not wholly bad, Philander Sprat."

"Then tell me why, Lysander Pratt."

"Of pussy's fur with silken hair,
I made of gloves a noble pair."

"Trust you! No wonder you are fat!
You found your good account in that
As in all else, Lysander Pratt."

"Yes, in the closet hang they now,
Yet they are full of holes, I vow,

"Gnawed by some thievish long-tailed rat.
And so, you see, Philander Sprat,
Not wholly good was even that!"

THE CITY CHILD.

Words by ALFRED TENNYSON.
Moderato.

Music and Words written for St. NICHOLAS.

Dain - ty lit - tle maid - en, whith - er would you wander, Whith - er from this pret - ty home, the
Dain - ty lit - tle maid - en, whith - er would you wander, Whith - er from this pret - ty house, this

home where moth - er dwells? "Far and far a - way," said the dain - ty lit - tle maid - en;
cit - y house of ours?

"Far and far a - way," said the dain - ty lit - tle maid - en. "All a - mong the gar - dens, au -
All a - mong the mea - dows, the

ric - u - las, an - em - o - nes, Ros - es and lil - ies, and Can - ter - bur - y bells."
clo - ver and the clem - a - tis,* Daisies and king - cups, and honey - suck - le flowers."

* "Clem-a-tis, often but wrongly pronounced clem-á-tis"—A. TENNYSON.

ILLUSTRATED ALPHABET.

BY HELEN J. FORD.



A WAS an art-ful old Ape
Who tied up his hat with a crape,
And pre-tend-ed he cried
'Cause his mas-ter had died,—
That art-ful, de-ceit-ful old Ape.



B WAS a big, old, black Bear
Who seized a young child by the hair,
And ran to his den,
And was not seen a-gain,—
The cru-el old scamp of a Bear.



C WAS a craft-y old Crow
Who watched for the farm-ers to sow,
And stole all the corn
In the bright, ear-ly morn,—
That craft-y old thief of a Crow.



D WAS a dar-ing young Duck
Who felt him-self burst-ing with pluck;
Into dan-ger he 'd go,
Till a shot laid him low,—
The dar-ing, and dash-ing young Duck.



E WAS an ea-ger young Eel
Who was slip-per-y al-ways to feel;
Al-though caught with a line,
He could walk off quite fine,—
The ea-ger and slip-per-y young Eel.



F WAS a fun-ny fat Frog
Who croaked all day long on a log,
Till a fly came a-long;
Then he stopped his fine song
And nabbed it,—that fun-ny fat Frog.



G Was a gray-beard old Goat
Who tossed up a grim-y old coat,
But the boy was not in it,
And so for a min-ute
It fooled the gray-beard-ed old Goat.



H Was a hap-py old Hare
Who could not be caught in a snare;
In the brush he 'd stick fast
While the hunt-ers rode past,—
That hid-den and hap-py old Hare.



I Was an I-bex so rare,
Who lived in the pure mount-ain air.
He 's an ea-si-er climb-er
Than I am a rhym-er,—
This fleet-foot-ed I-bex so rare.



J Was a jol-ly blue Jay
Who fright-ened the deer all away,
And mad-dened the rang-er
By scream-ing the dan-ger,—
The jol-ly pro-vok-ing blue Jay.



K Was a kind lit-tle Kit-ten
Who rav-eled out grand-moth-er's mit-ten,
And seiz-ing the yarn
Bore it off to the barn,—
The play-ful and kind lit-tle Kit-ten.



L Is a light-wing-ed Lark
Who sings as she flies. Let us hark!
She 's a-wake with the dawn,
Ere the dew-drops have gone,—
The beau-ti-ful light-wing-ed Lark.



M Was a mu-sic-al Mouse
Who wan-dered at eve through the house,
And lis-tened quite still
While we played with great skill,—
That won-der-ful mu-sic-al Mouse.



N Is the Nau-ti-lus snail
Who spreads out his foot for a sail,
And glides on be-fore
With his lit-tle thin oar,—
The beau-ti-ful Nau-ti-lus snail.



O Was an o-di-ous old Owl
Who ut-tered a very loud howl
When perched on the corn
In the gray of the dawn,—
That awk-ward, and o-di-ous old Owl.



P Was a pret-ty, plump Pig
Who al-ways in dirt loved to dig;
But his mas-ter one day
Washed the dirt all a-way,
And he died—did that pret-ty, plump Pig.



Q Was a queer lit-tle Quail
Who stuck his head un-der a rail,
And thought him-self hid,
And from dan-ger well rid,
Till a shot hit the queer lit-tle Quail.



R Was a romp-ing young Rat
That a lit-tle girl caught with her hat,
But she soon let him go,
For he bit off the bow,—
That rav-ing and romp-ing young Rat.



S Was a sly lit-tle Spi-der
Who spun him-self right down be-side her,
And caught Mrs. Fly
Who was shut-ting her eye,—
That sau-cy and sly lit-tle Spi-der.



T Was a trick-y young Trout
Who tum-bled and wrig-gled a-bout.
He would not be taught,
So he found him-self caught,—
That tum-bling and trick-y young Trout.



U Was the Un-i-corn fa-ble-d
Who never was cur-ried nor sta-ble-d;
Not once was he found
Where 't was said he'd a-bound,—
That bo-gus old Un-i-corn fa-ble-d.



V Was a vil-lain-ous Vult-ure
Who seized a young lamb of fine cult-ure;
He a-rose to the skies,
In spite of its cries,—
The vil-lain-ous, vag-a-bond Vult-ure.



W Was the wi-ly old Whale
That could not be found in the pail;
When Si-mon went fish-ing
And could not help wish-ing
He'd hook up that won-der-ful Whale.



X Was the Xiph-i-as grand
Who carried his sword at com-mand.
When he laid the boat low
He was killed by the blow,—
The ex-alt-ed old Xiph-i-as grand.



Y Is a charm-ing young Yak
Who wears a fine coat on his back.
It is not what he knows,
But his pret-ty, fine clothes
That make him a charm-ing young Yak.



Z Is a zeal-ous young Zib-et
Who rich-ly de-serves the old gib-bet;
For kill-ing and steal-ing,
And great lack of feel-ing—
That zeal-ous and naugh-ty young Zib-et.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

THIS is February, the second month of the year. At least, so the almanacs have it; though I have heard that some ancient Roman king or other once actually made it come at the very end of the year.

Well, the almanacs, or the Roman kings, or whoever arranges the months, may put February wherever they have a mind to, as long as they let alone the season and the weather, so that my boys and girls can have plenty of snow for coasting, and merry snow-ball battles.

Why, it warms your Jack's heart, this nipping weather, to hear the shouts and laughter from the Red School-house youngsters, especially when the dear Little Schoolma'am's voice rings out above them, as it does sometimes. And the other day I actually saw quiet Deacon Green come full tilt down the white meadow, his umbrella open and held behind, and half a dozen tiny young rogues pelting him with snow-balls just as hard as they could! The good Deacon was laughing so, that he could n't have run at all if he had n't been going down hill.

But now for my budget!

RED SNOW OUT WEST.

SOME mid-day recess soon, my boys, let a few of you skip over to Mount Stamford, in the Sierra Nevada range, and you will see, on a high peak, acres and acres of snow, piled up in vast drifts that have a pink tinge to the depth of three or four inches.

Each of you bring home a hatful of this red snow, and let me know, if you can, what makes the pretty color.

I have heard that very little bits of animals, seen only with the aid of a microscope, come down with the falling snow and make it rosy; but then, I've heard, also, that it is animals even smaller

than these which make the blue of the sky; and—well, the fact is, I'm not at all certain yet what to believe concerning these things.

A THICK COVERING.

WHILE we are talking about snow, let me tell you of a snow-fall that *was* a snow-fall. Your Jack has word about it through "J. A.," who says: "From October, 1877, to May, 1878, the snow fell in Cashmere, Northern India, with scarcely a stop, until it covered the ground to a depth of thirty to forty feet, crushing houses and even whole villages under its weight."

That was a Cashmere wrap with a vengeance!

Snow is good and beautiful and so forth; and it makes a clean, warm bed-quilt for some parts of the earth in winter; but there can be too much of a good thing, for all that.

THE REAL AMERICAN EYE.

DEAR JACK: I want to tell you what they say about us Americans here in France.

The other day, Madame Claire and I were talking about a little girl who is cross-eyed.

"Oh, yes," said Madame Claire, "she has the real American eye!" Now, what do you think of that? I did n't think it was very polite, and I said: "Why, Madame Claire, it is not all Americans who look crookedly, like that."

Then Madame Claire laughed. "Of course not," she said; "I did n't mean that, at all; but you Americans are just like this poor little girl, for when you come into a room, or go into a store, or when you are walking along the street, you look all around and see everything when we don't know it. And that's why we say that cross-eyed people have the real American eye. And it is quite a compliment, I assure you."

Well, perhaps it is; but I think it must be a real French compliment.—Truly yours, A. C. D.

TAKING CARE OF THE RATS.

YOUR JACK can't say he sets much store by rats himself, and he does n't know of any one else who feels very affectionate toward them, though, no doubt, they are splendid fellows as far as they go,— "the farther the better," the timid Little Schoolma'am says! So, it's a real comfort to hear that in Japan at least they are well thought of and properly cared for. At any rate, it seems they are; for I'm told that the builders of houses in that country always make plenty of neat square holes in the walls of the rooms, for the convenience of the pampered creatures, and to save their teeth.

MULES THAT "COAST."

DEAR MR. JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: Did you know that there are mules that coast? Well, there are, in Ecuador, South America; but they do not coast on snow, only on slippery hill-sides made ready for the purpose. The mules are trained to slide down-hill, and the better they can slide the more valuable they become for traveling among the mountains.

When a mule reaches a good sliding-place, he puts his front feet in a slanting position, and his hind feet close together, the legs bent as if he meant to lie down. Then, off he slides, swaying his body to suit the curves in the road, and keeping his balance just right.—if only the rider does not check him. But if the rider should try to guide or interfere with his mule, there would most likely be a turnover, with more bruises than fun.—Your friend, W.

A DEADLY RING.

HERE is a true elephant story for you from an American missionary, who once lived among the Dutch Boers of Natal, for seven years. He saw the ivory, and believes the story:

One afternoon, about four o'clock, three Dutchmen were out hunting, and came upon a large herd

of elephants. They fired at the leader, and instantly the entire herd fled. The leader rushed on and on, thinking he was on the right track to escape; but the elephants were in a valley and only ran round and round it, in a circle perhaps three hundred yards in diameter, and were shot down from four o'clock in the afternoon until eight in the evening, when darkness prevented the Dutchmen from taking aim any longer. But the three men rose at break of day, and found the poor elephants still going round and round. It was several hours before a new leader, breaking out of the beaten track, led off the remainder of the herd in safety.

The Dutchmen, whose names were Botha, and

I asked in the house, they said that no one there had been near the lace or seen anybody else near it!

This was puzzling, as well as disagreeable; and so I went to look again.

Another piece vanished!

Then I put a chair near the porch, and sat and sewed, watching the lace carefully. But once I bent my eyes to my work for about half a minute, and, when I looked up again,—

Still another treasure was gone!

This time, I knew that no one but myself could have been near the lace. How then could it have disappeared? I put away my sewing, and for five minutes steadily gazed at the pieces left.

Somebody in the house called out, and I glanced around. As I turned my eyes forward again, what should I see sailing away in the air, a few yards from me, but a piece of the precious lace, trailing from the beak of a robin!

I soon found that it was the same saucy fellow who had taken all the pieces, and that he had tried to make his little home beautiful with them.

The lace was spoiled when we found it, for Robin had torn it



ROBIN'S NEST. A PICTURE FROM NATURE.

Potgeiter, two being brothers, counted the slain. Ninety elephants lay dead in the valley; and as their valuable tusks of ivory were divided equally among the three Dutchmen, you can believe that each man's share was considerable.

ANOTHER "HOUSE BEAUTIFUL."

EVERYBODY has heard about the rage for making houses beautiful, but who would have thought it had gone so far as the following bit of true news would seem to show?—

DEAR JACK: One day, not long ago, I washed a number of pieces of very fine lace, and left them spread out on the lawn. Presently, I went to look at them, so as to be sure they were all right, for they were valuable.

One, two, three pieces were gone!

Yet there were no fresh tracks on the lawn and paths, and, when

when weaving it in with twigs; but the nest looked so pretty that I let my ruined treasures stay.—Yours truly,

MARGARET H.

The picture shows just how Robin's nest looked.

You see, my dears, Margaret could not blame the bird, for, of course, he thought the lovely lace had been spread out so as to be handy for him.

ANIMALS THAT NEVER DRINK WATER.

DEAR JACK: Some years ago, I read that the prairie dog is the only animal known which does not drink water.

Yesterday, I saw in Cumming's "South African Life," that the gemsbok or oryx never by any chance tastes water; and this morning, I find, in the same work, that the eland, too, and the drucker can do without this fluid.

All these species of antelope thrive and come to high condition in barren regions,—the parched karroos and arid desert,—where the climate is burning and the distances between watering-places are very great; but will not somebody tell us for sure whether or not these animals really do without any water at all?

S. W. K.

THE LETTER-BOX.

OUR FRONTISPIECE.—Very few boys and girls either in England or America need to be told even the title of the superb frontispiece given this month, for the sad story of the Princes in the Tower is one of the most familiar in English history. In fact, writers and artists of other nations have made it their theme, and children in many parts of the world have shaken their heads sorrowfully over the fate of these two English boys. Delaroche, a Frenchman, painted a very fine picture, an engraving of which, from our first volume, is here reprinted, so that you may compare it with the picture by the English painter, Millais, which opens this present number of *ST. NICHOLAS*.

Delaroche evidently had the sad story in his heart. He may or may not have loved England; but he certainly loved these two English

cavalcade, and thought it a fine thing to be a prince. Their mother called the boys Edward and Richard; but Edward being the elder, —though only thirteen years of age,—was His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, rightful heir to the English throne; and Richard, his brother, a boy of eleven, was known as the Duke of York.

"Yes, many a boy and girl looked almost with envy that day upon the two royal children, and wondered how it felt to be the son of a king and lord of a nation.

"But the men and women who looked on thought of something very different. They shook their heads and whispered their misgivings to one another.

"It was dreadful, they said; such brave, beautiful, noble lads, too; and their father hardly cold in his grave—poor, dear things! Now



THE PRINCES IN THE TOWER. (FROM A PAINTING BY DELAROCHE.)

lads, else how could he have so painted them, that stout men feel like sobbing when they look at the wonderful picture? It hangs to-day in the gallery of the Louxembourg, in Paris; and every day groups of pitying children stand before it, feeling not at all as the children did who saw the princes ride by in state, nearly four hundred years ago.

Four hundred years ago! We already have told the story briefly in these pages—how the two noble boys traveled with royal pomp from Ludlow Castle to London. "An escort of two thousand horsemen rode with them; and although the boys, having just lost their father, King Edward IV., were dressed in sober black, hundreds of happy children who saw them pass looked with delight at the grand

the princes would be in the power of their uncle Richard, Duke of Gloucester, the wickedest, cruellest and most powerful nobleman in all England. But for these boys, in all their pride of youth, his grace of Gloucester might be king himself!

"Ah, who could say what might happen!

"English history tells us what happened: how the wicked Duke of Gloucester pretended at first to be all loyalty and kindness; how he wrote a letter of condolence to the queen mother, and set off from Scotland, where he was commanding an army, to be present, he said, at his dear nephew's coronation; and how, with fair words and treachery, he placed the Prince in the Tower of London, where

'he would be safer than anywhere else, until the grand ceremony should take place;' how he afterward took the little Duke of York from his sobbing mother and put him, too, in the dreary Tower; and how—

"But you see them in Delaroche's picture. They are together; that is some comfort. Their chamber is grandly furnished, but it is in a prison. Not the Prince of Wales, nor the Duke of York, now, but two heart-sick, terrified boys, who every moment dread—they hardly know what. If they only could feel their mother's arm around them once again! They have prayed and prayed, and they have cried until they can cry no more, and, with breaking hearts, they have straightened themselves proudly with the thought that they are the sons of a king, when suddenly they hear a footstep outside—!"

It seems to us that Mr. Millais has painted them as they stood at this moment,—erect, heroic, but with suspense and terror in their beautiful faces. It is dreadful to look at them, dreadful to think of what is so soon to happen—

To-day, visitors at the Tower of London halt on the gloomy stone stair-way, and look at each other with a shudder, for at the foot of the stair-way the murdered Princes were buried.

It is not only to the painters Delaroche and Millais that we are indebted for the present pictures. The art of engraving was needed to transfer the spirit of their work to these pages. And wonderfully have the engravers done their part.

Our frontispiece, the Princes in the Tower, was engraved on wood by Mr. Knell after a very fine mezzotint print copied from Mr. Millais' original painting; so, you see, two kinds of engraving have been called into service. The large print has a history in itself which is worth telling, not only in justice to the London Fine Art Society, who kindly have allowed us to copy it for your pleasure, but because to hear it will give you an idea of the importance and mercantile value of a good engraving.

In the first place, the picture itself was painted by Mr. Millais especially for the society, for £3,000 or \$15,000; then, at Mr. Millais' request, Mr. Samuel Cousins of London undertook to engrave it

in pure mezzotint (any of the unabridged dictionaries will tell you what *mezzotint* engraving is), and for doing so the Society paid him £1,667, or \$8,135,—more than half the cost of the original painting, you see. But the painter evidently did not consider the amount too great, for he wrote to the Society:

"I am charmed with Mr. Cousins' engraving of the 'Princes in the Tower.' I don't see how anything can be better. It is quite brilliant and telling plate. It will go on selling until the plate is quite worn out,—so I predict. I am thankful to you that you have favored me in selecting such a distinguished interpreter of my work."

But the engraver was destined to receive what by an English subject might be considered a still greater compliment. Soon came a letter to the Society from Marlborough House, the residence of the Prince of Wales, telling how much His Royal Highness liked the engraving. To the present Prince of Wales, this beautiful engraving showing the Prince of Wales of those troubled times must have a peculiar interest, apart from its merits as a work of art, when he recalls his own happy childhood in the noble English home which has so endeared Queen Victoria to her people.

Of course, the first and finest impressions, known as "Artist's Proofs," were all bought up almost before the engraving was published, and then came sales so large that they surprised even the Society that had been willing to pay more than \$8,000 for the engraving alone. The people have been all the more anxious to buy these engravings from the fact that Mr. Cousins, who is now in his eightieth year, has refused to engrave the companion-picture of "The Princess Elizabeth" writing the account of her last interview with her father Charles I. (which has just been completed for the Society by Mr. Millais) at any price, as he is rapidly losing his eyesight.

It is very bad news that so fine an engraver as Mr. Cousins is in danger of blindness, but, on the other hand, it is a happy thing that a man seventy-nine years of age should have powers so keen and a hand so steady as to be able to do a piece of work like the "Princes in the Tower."

the best dog I ever knew or heard of, who lived, died, and lies buried at our place on the Highlands of the Navesink. I have not done justice to his intelligence, courage and devotion, especially as shown at the time of the fire. In trying to tame down the narrative, I've made it weak, when it should be strong, intense and dramatic. The story is true, and ten times more.

J. V. SEARS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have been puzzling for a long time over the pronunciation of Sol. Eytinge, Jr.'s, name. One of us calls it "Eye-tinge," and the other "E-tinge." We have no doubt that they both are wrong, but in the casual mention of his name we should like to be correct; and if you will please be so kind as to answer through the "Letter-Box" and give us the correct pronunciation, we shall be very much obliged.—Your constant readers,

MARGARET SEABURY and H. M. HOWELL.

The surname of the artist, Sol. Eytinge, jr., is pronounced as if spelled E-ting.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I send you a story which I lately told to my three little ones. They often ask for it, and seem to like it so much that I thought some of your young readers might like to read it. My children call it "Papa's Sheep Story," and here it is:

"When I was twelve years of age, my parents lived on a large farm in Ohio, near Cleveland, and in the winter my father used to haul a load of hay or wood or apples into the city nearly every day, when the weather was fine. One day, he started long after the usual time, and told me that, as he could not return until a late hour at night, I must do all the chores, and be very particular to feed and count the sheep in the south brush-lot."

"During the day, a heavy snow-storm set in, and it began to grow dark soon after I got home from school. While I was doing the chores, the driving storm and gathering darkness tempted me to think it would not matter much if the sheep went without their supper for once, and that father would never know I had not counted them. Well, just as I was starting to go to the house, my father unexpectedly drove into the great barn, and at once asked me, 'Did you feed the sheep, Edward?'

"It was no time to falter; so, fearing to be sent to the south brush-lot,—which was nearly half a mile distant and bounded on three sides by a dense forest, which my boys thought was filled with bears as large as elephants,—I promptly replied 'Yes, sir.'"

At this point, I see knowing looks exchanged among my children. "Where did you find them?" was the next question. I felt I had done wrong in telling this story, but thought it would not do to back out then, so I answered, 'In the little grove, just beyond the hollow.'

Our boys undoubtedly will take an interest in the following extracts which we have been allowed to make from a private letter. There are a few allusions in it which may puzzle our young readers; but it at least will give them some idea of the recent and future work of the famous explorer and of his present whereabouts.

Bahama Point, Congo River, S. W. Coast of Africa, Sept. 15, 1879.

MY DEAR . . . : I write another letter to you,—one of farewell before turning my face for the interior of the Dark Continent once again. In February I wrote . . . and informed you that I was bound to Zanzibar. A few days after, I was en-route in the character—unofficially—of what you might call an ambassador. I was charged with an Autograph letter, a Portrait of the King of the Belgians in diamonds, and a mitrailleuse with its equipments, to deliver them to Barghash, Prince of Zanzibar, Pemba, and the Eastern Main, as gifts from King Leopold. A steamer was chartered to take me. I had a good deal of other work to do,—to initiate some Belgian officers in the art of Exploration, who were about setting out . . . to explore some new fields personally, and to examine several ports on the Eastern Coast. I was received everywhere with much kindness.

When these various matters had been attended with success, I took my steamer and came round by the Mediterranean in July, and down by the West Coast of Africa, to this Africa, to begin a special mission of great importance here. The steamer "Albion," having attended me eight months, is now being discharged, and I take this opportunity of sending my letter to you, just to satisfy you that I still think of my friends.

My Expedition is encompassed some ninety miles up the river on the south side, and consists of fifteen Europeans and some two hundred natives. We are not up to our full strength yet, but I hope before long I shall have a couple of hundred more. . . . I shall be absent from civilization probably three years, if not more.—I remain, most faithfully yours,

HENRY M. STANLEY.

J. S. I., and Others.—Letters from our young correspondents, on strictly personal subjects, cannot be answered in the "Letter-Box." The matter in this department is intended to be interesting to our readers in general.

THE author of the dog story in the present number writes about it as follows:

The sketch entitled "A Faithful Friend" is a genuine though inadequate tribute of sincere affection and gratitude to the memory of

"Did you count them?" he asked, after a pause.
 "Yes, sir, there were thirty-six. I counted them over three or four times, and I'm sure they're all right," said I.
 "As my father said no more for a few moments, I felt sure that my straightforward answers had convinced him.
 "Presently he said, 'Edward, go and open the cow-shed door and then come and tell me what you see there.' I did as he said, and—what do you think I saw?
 "My father had forgotten to turn the sheep out in the morning, and they had been in that cow-shed all day!"
 "Oh! oh! oh!" cry the three little ones, perched on my knee.
 "Come here to me," said my father; "and I will teach you to be more truthful in future." I went to him, and he taught me.
 "Now, children, do you really think that Papa deserved to be punished?"
 Triumphant chorus from all three, "Yes! yes! yes!"

Yours truly, E. A. P.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have read about the colony of musk rats, and how fierce they are. Last summer, when I was on the sea-shore, I saw one chase a young man along a wooden pier extending 128 feet out into the water, and only the width of a single plank. It was pretty difficult for the young man to run over this narrow pier. At the end of the pier the young man jumped into a boat, which was there, and sprang up on the mast, and the rat tried to spring upon him, but he kicked it off with his feet, and reaching down, got his father's shot-gun and shot it. EDDIE GWYNNE (9½ years).

This little verse comes from an eight-year old:

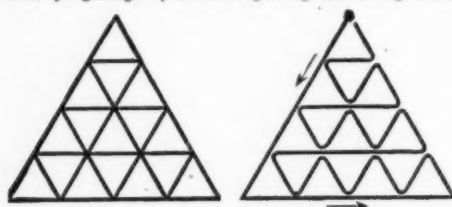
WINTER.

A SNOW FLAKE FALLS
 ANOTHER TILL THE BOYS MAKE
 SNOW BALLS.
 AND WHEN THE SUN COMES
 OUT IN SPRING THE BOYS WILL SAY
 SHAW,
 BECAUSE THE SNOW AND ICE WILL THAW

F. H.

M. H.'s question in the August "Letter-Box" is answered by several young correspondents to the effect that, as there were fewer people in ancient times, they could be distinguished well enough by one name apiece; but, in the course of time, when there got to be many persons bearing the same name, their neighbors distinguished them by adding to their original names some words telling of the place they came from, their father, their color, or personal appearance, their occupation, and so on; as, John of York, which soon was shortened to John York; Robert Richard's Son, contracted to Robert Richardson; and so, too, we have William Little, Benjamin Long, John Brown, Alfred Carpenter, James Baker. This process, and the changes that happened to the names in passing from mouth to mouth for generations, account for the origin of most of our surnames.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Here are two drawings of a puzzle. You have to try to draw a figure like the first picture, without once taking your pencil off the paper. The second picture shows how you can do it; by beginning at a point of the large triangle and drawing first two



of its lines; the rest follow easily, when you look at the picture, but my little sister tried a long while and had a deal of fun before she found out the way. Please ask your other readers to try it on their little brothers and sisters.—Yours truly, R. H. W.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We tried Fiddie B. Belcher's receipt for caramels in the March number for 1877, and it was splendid, only we did n't put in so much butter. We are two little girls, and we are big for our ages. We lived at Lake Mahopac for the summer. It is a pretty place. Our house was near the water.

When we went there, two little wrens tried to build their nest in one of the awnings. But, every time the awning was put down, the

nest was spoiled; so we put a box in one corner of the piazza, and, as soon as it was put up, they went in. Soon the little ones were hatched, and we could hear them call for food when their Mamma went away. The Papa was very tame, and sat on the hanging baskets and sang lovely.

We have two dogs, called Shep and Flora, who pick blackberries all alone. Is n't that funny?—From your loving readers,

P. S.—Our dogs eat caramels, too.
 FLORRIE AND TEENIE VAN FRAUDEN.

In the present number (pages 320 and 321) is an article on some "Snow-Sports" which quiet girls and boys may find more to their taste than boisterous "Snow-ball Warfare," as described and illustrated in the January number by Mr. Daniel C. Beard. He originated also the methods of building the snow-hut and forming the statues described this month, besides making the pictures of them.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I must tell you about our Mary; she is the youngest of four, and very small. When your magazine comes, Grandma gives it to her; she very seriously receives it, marches into the parlor, closes the door, looks over all the pictures,—she cannot read one word,—and, when she has finished, walks into the nursery, saying: "Now, children, you can take the book; I've done with it!"

One day, a relative asked her: "May, do I look like Grandma, or like Auntie?" She inspected the lady very gravely, and then said: "Why, 'oo look like 'ooself."—Cordially your friend,

HELEN L. B.

J. C. AMBROSE sends us the following copy of a boy's garden account. It is very frank, and the boy must have been honest, although his success was not great.

MY GARDEN'S ACCOUNT.

Dr.—Debtor.

Spade, hoe and rake (paid by Pa)	\$2.00
Repairs after that bonfire (paid by Pa)	7.00
Loss to other Pas	3.50
Spading (about 2 days of Pa's time)	0.50
Cost of seeds (paid by Pa)	1.50
Time spent in planting (that's me, 5 days, after school hours)	2.50
Time spent looking after garden (that's me, too, 5 minutes every day for 4 months at 5 cts. a time)	6.00
Fun missed by garden work (that's me)	5.00
Wear and tear of mind in worrying about rain and such	0.95
Hoeing (soil so poor weeds died of their own accord)	0.50
Father's time pumping and carrying water in dry weather (good exercise for him)	0.00
Big sister's time picking lettuce and shooting off neighbors' chickens (a full estimate for girls' time)	0.00

Grand total of costs, only \$28.05
 (It would be more if I put a full estimate on my own time.)

Cr.—Credit for crops.

Radishes and lettuce (being half scratched up and the rest not coming to much, and mother being real good, I threw them in for love)	\$0.00
Peas in the pod (waited, of course, till they got ripe; carried Ma in a basketful, expecting about \$1, but she said they were good for nobody but pigs; so I shelled them, took them to school in my pockets, and had heaps of fun popping them into boys' ears)	0.00
Melons (counted big on them, and when they got ripe, asked the boys in to take a look at them. They came and looked, but said they could n't give a thorough opinion just by walking round a melon-patch. So we knifed one and found it good. Then George said, it did n't look well for four to be eating out of one dish. So we took one apiece and voted them all boss melons. Never knew who did eat the rest)	0.00
2 doz. beets at 12½¢	0.25
1 qt. beans	0.10
4 doz. corn (awful small) at 6¢	0.24
Tomatoes (turned out my best hold, but had n't time to pick them, so lumped them off to Ma, a big bargain for her)	1.00

Total garden cash \$1.59
 [That is less than I hoped for. But Pa says every good business man ought to balance his books at the end of the year. So I put down one more item.]
 By experience to balance \$6.46

Grand total of credits \$28.05
 That makes the account look pretty well,—receipts just equal to expenses.
 J. L. B.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE.

WHAT country, on what continent, is namable with three e's?

CHARADE.

My first gives expression to wonder,
My next, in some cases, am I;
My third gives permission and hinders:
My whole is an excellent fry.

W. M. F.

PICTORIAL RIDDLE.



What is the difference between these two boys?

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

"HERE," said the captain, "we caught a 1, 2, 3, a native of the island, who assured us we should 4, 5, 6 some of the 5, 7, 9 for which we had come, if we would but dig at the foot of a tall, spreading 1, 2, 3, 4, 5—6, 7, 8, 9. But while yet we were a-digging, the crafty 1, 2, 3 escaped, and we moreover found not any 5, 7, 9." I.

ENIGMA.

I AM found on ladies' garments, and on some plants, and my name has six letters. My 6, 5, 4, 3 is not so much, and my 2, 1 is near by or close to.

H. H. D.

EASY WORD-SQUARE.

1. GRAIN. 2. One of the commonwealths of America, in which much of the grain is grown. 3. A disturbance caused by crowds of persons, some of them perhaps inflamed by one of the products of the grain. 4. A memorandum.

BEECHNUT.

EASY ENIGMA.

I AM composed of three letters. My first is a verb; my second is an oval; my third is a vowel. What am I?

J. H. T.

RIDDLE.

WHAT is the difference between one yard and two yards?

A PROVERB AMONG PROVERBS.

FROM each of the following proverbs, in the present order, take one word. The eleven words thus chosen form another proverb, seldom heard, but full of wisdom.

1. Better is the last smile than the first laughter. 2. Extravagance will eat one out of house and home. 3. The head gray and no brains yet. 4. Half a loaf is better than no bread. 5. When the wine is in, the wit is out. 6. Your trumpeter is dead, as you sound yourself. 7. Wine and youth are fire upon fire. 8. Years know more than books. 9. All is soon ready in an orderly house. 10. Your

looking-glass will tell you what none of your friends will. 11. The present age is always to blame.

F. S. F.

TRIPLE ACROSTIC.

ACROSS: 1. A negative. 2. The name of a judge of Israel. 3. To help. 4. A poet, and yet but three-fourths "poet."
Initials: The tongue or pole of a cart. Centrals: A medley.
Finals: A strong stream or current. Initials and Finals connected: A low tide.

Y. E.

SQUARE-WORD.

1. A juicy vegetable, related to the tobacco plant. 2. A person of persuasive speech. 3. A bird of swift and graceful flight. 4. A king of the Huns. 5. The process of dressing. 6. Decorated.

M. S. K.

NUMERICAL DIAMOND.

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      I
     1 2 3
    1 2 3 4 5
     3 4 5
      5
  
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1. In accuse. 2. The young of a wild animal. 3. An ancient measure of length. 4. A small piece. 5. In active.

C. D.

PUZZLE.

Look at this verse, and con it well,
Over and over its letters tell,
Very plainly you here will see
Earth's dearest gift to you and me.

WORD SYNCOPATIONS.

IN each of the following examples, take one whole word from another whole word, and the remainder, as it stands, will form a third whole word:

1. Remove to employ from a cabinet of curiosities, and leave a hint to be silent. 2. Take a toy from discontinued, and leave hastened. 3. Take a skin of thread from returned thanks, and leave to spread new-mown grass for drying. 4. Take a familiar term for mother from a wanderer, and leave to shake the head. 5. Take an insect egg from one who warns, and leave a waste upland. 6. Take a metal cup from a jeweled collar, and leave a mark in punctuation.

CYRIL DEANE.

ANAGRAM.

THE same eleven letters, forming a name much heard in February, are omitted from each stanza.

This morn, I heard a cheery "*****"
Trilling a merry, merry "*****";
His song had many a love-note in it,
That added sweetness to it gave.

Where he had trained his tuneful "*****",
Indeed I cannot well dissent;
But all the songs of beaux or gallants,
The tiny warbler did outshine.

This puzzles me and sorely "*****";
For though I sing my sweetest strain,
When on the bough this songster settles,
My serenades are all in "*****".

Why sings the rogue in wintry weather,
When leafless every tree and vine?
He woo's his mate in the green heather;
His secret's with "*****"!

LILIAN PAYSON.

GEOGRAPHICAL DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

THE initials name an important city of America; the finals name the state in which the city is situated.

Cross words: 1. A great city of China. 2. A vast lake. 3. A town of Poland. 4. A river of Pennsylvania. 5. A river of the United States. 6. A city of New York. 7. A city of Iowa. 8.

PROVERB ENIGMA.

THE proverb indicated by the accompanying picture has six words. Each numeral beneath the pictures stands for a letter in that word of the answer whose place in numerical order is indicated by that particular numeral.

Thus: The numeral 2 under a picture stands for a letter belonging to the second word of the answer; 5, for a letter that is in the fifth word of the answer; and so on. To solve the puzzle: Write down, some distance apart, the figures 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, to correspond with the words of the answer. Find a word, suitably descriptive of each picture, spelled with as many letters as there are numerals beneath its picture. Group beneath the figure 1 all the letters denoted by the nu-



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meral 1 in the numbering beneath the pictures. There will thus be in one group all the letters that go to form the first word of the answer, and these letters, when set in the right order, will spell the first word of the proverb. Repeat this process in finding the remaining words, and then all these words, when read in order, will be the answer.

TWO SQUARES.

In these squares, the diagonals, from left to right upward, are composed of the same letter. I. 1. Drew toward. 2. An ejaculation. 3. Repair. 4. Limits. II. 1. A small particle of liquid. 2. A stout cord. 3. Exposed to view. 4. Closely confined.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN JANUARY NUMBER.

DOUBLE CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.—Slander—Scandal.

COMPARISONS, DECLENSIONS, AND PRINCIPAL PARTS.—Comparisons: 1. Alley-gate, alligator. 2. Hutch, host, host. 3. Wood, wetter, west. 4. Had, hearse, hurst. Declensions: 1. Buy, bine or by, be; bee, bower or bowers, bus. 2. Yew, ewer, ewe. 3. Lea, Liz, limb; lay, lair, Lem. Principal Parts: 1. Lo! lent, lawn. 2. Dough, dent, dawn. 3. Quay, caw, keen. 4. Lec, law, lean. 5. Dec, daw, dean. 6. Mi, maw, mien. 7. High, hue, hone. 8. Lye, loo, lone. 9. My, mew, moan.

FRAME PUZZLE.—Left slope, Exotic. Right slope, Citadel. Left upright, Trillion. Right upright, Dominion. Bottom, Criticise.

EASY PROVERB REBUS.—Straws show which way the wind blows.

BIRD PUZZLE.—Goosander. Goose (e) gander.

SQUARE WORD.—1. Caul. 2. Ante. 3. Utes. 4. Less.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—Cinnamon, Allapice. 1. Canada. 2. Imperial. 3. Neutral. 4. Nautilus. 5. AsleeP. 6. MagI. 7. OxallC. 8. NinE. —EASY NUMERICAL ENIGMA.—Paraphernalia.

WORD-MAKING.—1. Rolling + A = Original. 2. Lyre + B = Beryl. 3. Laud + C = Ducal. 4. Field + D = Fiddle. 5. Grade + E = Agreed. 6. Leader + F = Federal. 7. Large + G = Gargle. 8. Dray + H = Hydra. 9. Horse + I = Hosier. 10. Stole + J = Jostle. 11. Fair + K = Fakir. 12. Theme + L = Helmet. 13. Their + M = Hermit. 14. Oars + N = Arson. 15. Preachers + O = Reproaches. 16. Roan + P = Apron. 17. Suit + Q = Quita. 18. Iota + R = Ratio. 19. Stone + S = Onsets. 20. Loan + T = Talon. 21. Ogre + U = Rogue. 22. Truce + V = Curvet. 23. Haste + W = Swathe. 24. Malice + X = Exclaim. 25. Want + Y = Tawny. 26. Bears + Z = Zebras.

HIDDEN WORD-SQUARE.—1. Ella. 2. Leap. 3. Lade. 4. Apex. 5. Heron. 6. Mam. 7. V. —RIDDLE.—Red pepper.

EASY PICTURE ANAGRAM.—Fire-place.

RIDDLE.—Upas. —CHARADE.—Primrose.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.—To err is human, to forgive divine.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER were received, before December 20, from Frederick Chase, 4—Bessie Taylor, 5—Charlotte B. Zerega, 2—Robert B. Salter, 7—H. T. Benedict, 1—Bella Wehl, 1—George S. Warner, 1—"Tod," 1—Willie F. P., 1—Mary Weidman, 1—E. S. S., 2—Juliette, and Cornelia Golay, 1—Virginia Callmeyer, 2—Carroll L. Maxcy, 9—"Lolla," 4—Gertrude H., 2—Gertrude Whitman, 4—R. Le Roy, 5—John W. Kirby, 2—George MacMurphy, 2—Bertie Hall, 8—Carrie A. McCormick, 6—Dora A. Gouthell, 5—Claire H. Fingrey, 8—Lester D. Mapes, 3—"Dandelion" and "Clover," 2—Daisy B. Hodgson, 1—S. M., 3—Alice Maud Kyte, 3—H. W. Blake, 12—Lizzie H. D. St. Vrain, 5—Einnim Namlips, 1—Annie Reynes, 5—E. L. H., 4—Bessie and her Cousin, 12—Alice Hawke, 1—Carrie Adler, 2—Lulu Pearce, 5—"Diamond and Pearl," 3—A. H. Woolley, 5—Alexander H. Laidlaw, 9—Hattie and Clara, 6—Fannie M. Miner, 2—C. A. Christian, 3—Ida Cohn, 7—Bessie C. Barney, 4—Lizzie and De Witt, 9—James B. Longacre, 3—Philip S. Carlton, 12—Robert S. Swords, 1—Ernest B. Cooper, 10—Robert A. Gally, 8—Nellie DeGraff, 8—O. C. Turner, 14—Florence Wilcox, 8—Hattie and Saddle, 2—"Riddlers," 1—"Baby mine," 11—Algie A. Hayden, 1—Percy A. Rivins, 1—AgI 2—stone Sparks, 1—G. and C. Woodruff, 5—Lol and Ella, 4—"Pansy," 4—K. C. Atwater, 8. The numerals denote the number of solutions.



ME
THE



THE LITTLE PEASANT.
AFTER THE STATUE BY E. D. PALMER.
(See page 422.)